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THE CASUALTY LIST.

Here in happy England the fields are
steeped in quiet,
Saving for larks' song and drone of
bumble bees;
The deep lanes are decked with roses
all a-riot,

With bryony and vetch and ferny
tapestries.
O here a maid would linger to hear the
blackbird's fluting,
And here a lad might pause by wind-
berippled wheat,
The lovers in the bat's-light would hear
the brown owl's hooting
Before the latticed lights of home
recalled their lagging feet.

But over there in France the grass is
torn and trodden,
Our pastures grow moon daisies, but
theirs are strewn with lead.

The fertile, kindly fields are harassed
and blood-sodden,
The sheaves they bear for harvesting
will be our garnered dead.

But here the lads of England, in peril
of advancing,
Have laid their splendid lives down,
ungrudging of the cost;

The record—just their names here
—means a moment's careless
glancing,

But who can tell the promise, the
fulfilment of our lost?

Here in happy England, the Summer
pours her treasure
Of grasses, of flowers before our
heedless feet.

The swallow-haunted streams meander
at their pleasure

Through loosestrife and rushes and
plumey meadow-sweet.

Yet how shall we forget them, the
young men, the splendid,

Who left this golden heritage, who
put the Summer by,

Who kept for us our England inviolate,
defended,

But by their passing made for us
December of July?

W. L.

The Westminster Gazette.

DURHAM.

Above the storied city, ringed about
With shining waters, stands God's
ancient house,
Over the windy uplands gazing out
Towards the sea; and deep about it
drowse

The gray dreams of the buried centuries
And through all time across the
rustling weirs

An ancient river passes; thus it lies,
Exceeding wise and strong and full of
years.

Often within those dreaming aisles we
heard,

Breaking the level flow of sombre
chords,

A trumpet-call of melody that stirred
The blood and pierced the heart like
flaming swords.

Long years we learned and grew, and in
this place

Put on the harness of our manhood's
state,

And then with fearless heart and for-
ward face,

Went strongly forth to try a fall with
fate.

And so we passed and others had our
place,

But well we know that here till days
shall cease,

While the great stream goes seaward
and trees bloom,

God's kindness dwells about these
courts of peace.

Edward Melbourne.

The New Witness.

BROCADE OF AUTUMN.

The Autumn Plain
Is robed in rich brocade,
With flowered pattern
Lavishly displayed.

Whence come those dyes
Of variegated hue?

Since crystal clear
And colorless the dew?

From the Japanese.

THE APATHY OF AMERICA.

On his way home Constantin Dumba spoke his placid mind about the peculiar polity of the United States. "We do as we please over there," said the banished envoy to an American friend and fellow-passenger. And he pointed his cigar at the towers and cañons of Manhattan, fast fading in late autumn mist. "Wilson is helpless," the Macedonian pursued in his fateful way. "The English of his Notes is impeccable stuff, but there's nothing 'back of it,' as you Yankees say. So each remonstrance grows weaker, till the world laughs at the United States."

And so saying the ex-Ambassador of the Dual Monarchy launched an able dissertation upon America's continental immensity, her self-centered and often polyglot States; the multitude and looseness of her laws and peoples, the danger of dollar standards and the sure failure of them in the great "Day" which the speaker saw ahead for the United States. Here Dr. Dumba laughed, as Bernstorff laughed; as Von Papen laughed in his letters, and Prince Hatzfeldt—the whole non-moral hierarchy of "Mitteleuropa" in the Land of Liberty, where every man did as he pleased.

Now, Teuton laughter is a fact—a symptom of the purblind *psyche* which confers the Iron Cross on the Oberstabsarzt of Wittenberg Camp, and the Order "Pour le Mérite" upon Commander Breithaupt, of the L 15, after the usual blind aerial raid, with its piteous toll of victims—"mostly women and children." Let me say here that no European nation can play upon or handle America for its own ends as Germany can, thanks to a perfect knowledge of the great "melting-pot" and its reckless bubbling. To the rest of the world the American scene is matter for wonder. A clear twelve-

month after the *Lusitania* crime Dr. Wilson's attachés were reporting upon the fragments of a German torpedo found in the cross-Channel steamer *Sussex*. And the President himself read scathing words from his old friend and colleague at Princeton, Professor J. M. Baldwin, the psychologist, who with his family was long a White House intimate.

"We are incredibly disgraced," averred this spokesman of America's *élite*. "The name of our country today is a synonym for cowardice, commercialism, and hypocrisy. . . . It has been sought to save appearances by minor verbal severities and the timid punishment of attachés, whilst the principal—Count Bernstorff himself—has remained to direct a warfare of bribery, treachery, and open insult."

There is here a familiar ring, one of frequent recurrence since those far-off days when the first *Lusitania* Note was launched upon Berlin. It is the voice of responsible journals like the *Tribune*, the *Sun*, and the *Times*. It is the voice of intellectuals like Charles W. Eliot of Harvard, Murray Butler of Columbia, and Trumbull Ladd of Yale. It is the voice of Theodore Roosevelt, who echoes Lincoln—"Stand with *anybody* who stands right." It is also the voice of Elihu Root, a real statesman and the ablest Foreign Minister America ever had. Mr. Root was put forward as candidate for the Presidency by seventy-five Republicans of national fame. He never had a chance because, like his rival, Roosevelt, the ex-Senator advocates military preparedness—a policy which has always had short shrift from heedless America in the mass, whose patriotism is of the "State" rather than the national kind.

Senator Root blames the President for the Mexican chaos so long at Amer-

ica's door, and "the forfeiture of the world's respect for our assertion of rights by pursuing the policy of making threats and failing to make them good."

... "Have selfish living, factional quarreling, and easy prosperity obscured the spiritual vision of our country?" this impossible candidate asked of his fellow-citizens. "Has the patriotism of a generation never summoned to sacrifice become lifeless? *Is our nation one, or a discordant multitude?*"

It is in fact very many, as I shall show—though its accord is complete in respect to this War, however loudly the cultured minority may protest. "Keep Out!" is America's real watchword, less expressed than understood, like a summer sea. The Kansas farmer, the Texan planter, and grain-men of Buffalo and Duluth—these regard the vengeful "sewers" that seam France as proof positive of European evil, which must needs burn itself out like a forest fire, grandiose and glowing, with distant menace in the sky. Meanwhile American Celts and Teutons, Slavs and Latin, yellow men and black, all thank God for the Atlantic Ocean and look about them for leaders they can trust. It is for this reason that William Jennings Bryan still has a grateful following in the Middle West, and that Henry Ford was actually adopted as Presidential candidate by the Republican voters of Michigan!

"War?" murmurs puzzled America in the mass. "Why, Chile and Peru shook hands for all time and set up a Christ-statute in their lonely Andean snows. Or look northward where the Canadian border runs—four thousand miles of it, with not so much as a gunboat on the Great Lakes. Then why this talk of 'preparation' for sane American folk who survey a world of friends all the way from London to the China Wall, and from Montevideo to Montreal? To 'prepare' is surely to provoke—to raise suspicion and forge

ugly weapons which, as Hans Delbrück told his Prussian people, make restless hands itch to use them in ambition's fight? . . . No. Far better stand aloof, as Wilson said, and let us be ready when all is over for quick ministry and reconstruction, such as King Albert invited Mr. J. J. Hill to undertake in devastated Belgium."

It is well for me to present the real American *psyche* in this way—elusive as it is, and queerly mixed in motives, with a vein of spirit shining in the grosser matrix—an inconsistency upon which I have no space to dwell. The popular book of the season in Chicago, the second city of the United States, is that of Mr. Bertrand Russell, to whom the Great War is a tedious, irrational impulse. "When two dogs fight in the street," this Cambridge philosopher tells America, "no one supposes that anything but instinct prompts them, or that they are inspired by high and noble ends. . . . They really fight because something angers them in each other's smell!" Here is a point of view to be considered, if I am to throw any light upon the Great Neutral's attitude in this tremendous War. It is such a lesson as Roosevelt was to learn when he preached his "Big Navy" to men a thousand miles from either ocean.

But in matters American one must begin with the ABC, which has been unaccountably overlooked by the European newspapers. These reflect consistently the sentiments of Park Row—the Fleet Street of New York—and all the gossip of Washington lobbies, where cotton jostles copper, and "interests" and intrigues vie and sway in turbulent tides during the brief, excited session of Congress. London and Paris have not yet realized that the Atlantic States are not America at all, but only the limited and leisured fringe of a vast, inchoate continent.

"Specials" and resident correspond-

ents quote the *Herald* and the *Times*, as though these papers spoke for the pioneers of those "great flowering acres" which Dr. Wilson rightly styled the real source of America's tumbling prosperity. And over here old traditions linger obstinately about the New World. That the United States, for example, is a "nation" in the compact European sense, capable of complete unity in each momentous crisis. That her "cousinship" with Britain is a fact. How should it be otherwise, seeing her Colonial origin, her English tongue, traditions and heroes, from Washington himself unto our own day? These are the rooted fallacies which tend to deepen bewilderment and work downright mischief, as our people survey the long series of preposterous affronts put upon a Power of almost fabulous material wealth and a hundred millions of population.

The *Hamburger Nachrichten* ticks off the list of drowned Americans with scornful nonchalance, winding up with the *Sussex* and the "poking and peering of Wilson's attachés." "What if they do find bits of our torpedo? Who on earth cares about such trifles in Germany?" Who, indeed! "What can America do?" asks the *Montag Zeitung* with the same serenity. "She has no army. And such as it is, her navy must stay at home. Her threats are ridiculous, and we should be more ridiculous still if we took them seriously." It is clear that Count Bernstorff has had the same calm estimate all through the tragi-comedy he staged. He and his minions, as well as Dr. Dumba, the late Austro-Hungarian envoy, worked their will upon "these idiotic Yankees," of whom Von Papen wrote so gaily to his wife. "The people are so stupid"—Prince Hatzfeld pursued this line of thought.

These are the diplomatic criminals who "brought the War to America," as the *New York Sun* complained. For the

first time in the history of civilized States the Embassy of a Great Power in a friendly land became a nest of thuggery—of arson, conspiracy and bombs, paid for by diplomatic checks of which the counterfoils came into our possession with Von Papen's papers. Time after time Bernstorff was summoned from Connecticut Avenue to the White House to explain these things, or worse—haply yet another slaying of American citizens at sea. Bernstorff was grave as an owl on these occasions; brimful of hopes and qualms, first with Bryan and then with Lansing. . . . He would inquire into it, of course. But Berlin was a long way off, and the cable at best but an arid source of information. Moreover, it took a wise mariner to say whether a U-boat had wrought this havoc at all. . . . It might have been a floating mine. Meanwhile American munition-shops fenced themselves with sentries and barbed wire from hyphenate sympathizers who sought to "do their bit" with infernal machines and fire. At sea Prussia continued to play her "trump card" (the submarine) with avowed contempt for the United States, as well as marvelous grasp of the cumbersome problems which bound the Great Neutral hand and foot.

"Wir hassen die Amerikaner und alles was aus Amerika kommt." This new hatred found blazing expression with the outbreak of war. The *Berlin Tag* was amply justified in gloating over the "real German" spoken at the National Union in San Francisco, when "Washington was warned by our people without any circumlocution or effort to spare America's feelings." With explosive force German-Americanism now leaped into being, from Springfield to Sacramento, clear across the continent.

Citizens of sane, shrewd immigrant stock ran suddenly amuck as rabid exaltés. Herr Kalt Schmidt, a rich and

respected merchant of Detroit, surpassed the Syrian underworld by hiring Respa, the dynamiter, to cross over into Ontario and blow up the Canadian factories. Federal Senators, Governors of States, Mayors of great cities, and Chiefs of Police now came prancing as priests of *Deutschtum*. The "fringe" of America thought them all bewitched, and tried in vain to smother the rising flames with the Stars and Stripes, which now failed for the first time, to the grave embarrassment of the President and his Cabinet.

The German-American Archbishops of Cincinnati and Milwaukee and the Bishop of Toledo implored the Pope to force a peace. And the Naval Minister in Roosevelt's Cabinet—George von Legerke Meyer—openly warned the United States not to goad "his" Fatherland (once removed) *à outrance* lest bloody strife ensue. No wonder the President was aghast. No wonder he brought the thorny "hyphenate" problem to Congress, as in duty bound.

"The gravest threats against our national peace and safety," Dr. Wilson said in his Message, "have been uttered within our own borders." The Chief Executive blushed to admit "such creatures of passion, disloyalty, and anarchy" as citizens of the United States. They "poured poison into the very arteries of our national life. They sought to destroy our industries and debase our policies to the uses of foreign intrigues." The "infinite malignance" of the home-bred German was wholly unforeseen, the President informed both Houses. "But the ugly incredible thing has come about, *and we are without adequate Federal laws to deal with it.*" I italicize this passage because in it lurks the whole secret of America's long-suffering which has amazed all the nations, neutral and belligerent alike—always excepting Germany, from whom nothing was hid.

The hyphenate subsided, as we all know. He is, however, on watch, en-rolled and clearly mindful of his cunning part in the "Great Push," from whose flaming fields British sea-power shut him out from the first. Bernstorff's boasts about his "German-American Army" are perfectly justified; and his own dismissal from the Embassy would have meant no more than a change of generals, with German strategy already decided and approved. The objects of this un-uniformed army (it is really directed from Berlin) are to hinder the delivery of munitions and machines, and in every way possible to embroil Great Britain with the United States. Hence hyphenate activity in the Capitol lobbies. Hence that goading shibboleth, "the freedom of the seas"; the dumping of the *Appam* in an American port, and still later a bigger "stunt"—the submarine liner *Deutschland*, whose advent was a tricky move fraught with perplexing possibilities. How well the German understands the simpler people overseas, so easily impressed by Barnum methods that make "a fine story" and a stirring show *today*, however dearly paid for in tomorrow's tangle of affairs! Why our enemy laid aside his trump card and left the "diplomatic victory" to Dr. Wilson is too large a subject for exhaustive treatment here. The failure of assassin methods at sea; the enormous value of maritime hostages in American (and Latin-American) ports; the new complexion—military, economic, and industrial—which crept over the gigantic conflict: these were some of the many complex considerations which account for Germany's altered attitude and tone towards the United States. When the breaking-point was near there were other Teutonic strings to be pulled and played upon with the same sure hand.

Now I shall present America as it really is, and as the German minions know it.

What is this land which confessed impotence over her semi-aliens at the bar of her own Federal Capitol? It is no "nation" at all, of course, in our homogeneous sense, but a vast and virgin continent sparsely peopled by a hundred millions, of whom one in ten is a person of color and the rest a welter of all Europe, with a leaven of Asia, from Syria to China and Japan. Due appreciation of the American problem is not possible unless we keep before us this idea of a sprawling continent instead of a country, and instead of a race all the races of earth—white, yellow, and black, with an abnormal mixture of Jews who pursue the paths of peace and prosperous days. In New York City alone dwell 800,000 Jews. These have astonishing power in the Press, as well as in commerce and finance.

It is a long journey from Liverpool to the New World, but a still longer one from the Hudson River to the Golden Gate of San Francisco. Let me say at once that the problems of Maine are as far apart from Montana's—morally, physically, and politically—as those of Ireland are from Albania's. What can a State like Mississippi, in which the negroes outnumber the whites, have in common with cultured Massachusetts? And how far a fling it is from the alligators and palms of Florida to the icy flats of Minnesota, where the wolf is a problem calling for Government aid. There are States greater than Britain—say New Mexico—with a smaller population than Sheffield.

Nevada has 55,000,000 acres of unappropriated land, and Utah 33,000,000. Of forest lands 550,000,000 acres remain, or about a fourth of the whole continental area. The Lone Star State itself—Texas—is so immense that the entire population of America could be comfortably housed between Texarkana and El Paso. I

have seen Texan school children pasting the map of England in a corner of their State, which is so huge that the Staked Plains of the Panhandle alone are bigger than Belgium and Holland put together.

America embraces nearly sixty degrees of longitude. And when President Taft suggested an all-American toast to the welfare of the new San Francisco, which rose from the wreckage of earthquake and flame, the project had to be abandoned because it was found that, as there were four noons in the United States, a simultaneous toast on the official opening day was impossible!

I shall now consider America's population, going straight to its source—the sluice-gates of the world; the cages and alleys of the famous Immigration Station on Ellis Island, in New York Harbor. It is this source which has been so unaccountably neglected by the European Press. The big red building is the Gateway of Hope for yon bargeload of humanity lumbering over from a newly arrived liner. Enter the vaulted hall, go up into the gallery and look down upon the tragi-comedy of these twenty-two weirs and wired pens, soon peopled with an uncouth and bewildered Babel of men, women, and children, with doctors, inspectors, interpreters, telegraphists and other officials.

Such shrillness is here, with impatient gesture from the swarming hordes. Here are peoples grotesquely diverse—men of Catania and Connemara; gross Finnish mothers and dainty Syrian maids from far Lebanon and the Hauran snows. Utterly diverse in religion and race, America must weld these masses together. Three fourths of them are peasants from village and farm. Three fourths are unskilled and scarce literate folk, with a five-pound note as their only fortune. Three fourths are men under forty whose families will come on later, when this

wondrous America begins to smile on the pioneer.

"Presto!" the cheery inspector cries, and therewith gives out the American note—which the Neapolitan counters with a sad "Adagio!" that sends laughter rippling and rolling through the European tides. Here, then, is America in the making. Living pictures of power-to-be, often weirdly dressed and camped forlornly on the oddest baggage out on the open wharf. One hall is marked "For Deportation." Another "Temporarily Detained." Here telegrams are sent off: "Ellis Island. Steamer C——. Come at once, with proof of ability to support." For America has a horror of paupers and prostitutes.

Yiddish and Turkish, Swedish and Russ—what jangling torrents of speech rise in "Lover's Lane," with its wire gratings and odd emotional scenes as the one-year "American" arrives with ready-made outfits for Magyar or Ruthenian spouse and daughters. "This place" (the kindly inspector winks at you) "holds more kisses to the square inch than any other spot on earth!" And for a whole generation this Old World of ours has poured its surplus into these swarming pens.

The "sluiceway" intake of the United States approached a million and a half each year. Commissioner Watchorn told me before the War that he expected it to rise to two millions. Of late years America has begun to eye this flood rather anxiously, noting changes in its make-up which were not to her advantage. Thus the rise of Germany to wealth and power checked immigration of a valuable kind. In 1870 the German percentage was 31, but by 1905 this had fallen to 4 per cent. And conversely the Austro-Hungarian flow increased in the same period from 1 per cent to 27, the Italian from less than 1 to 22, the Russian from less than 1 to 18.

In the figures before me Anglo-Saxon, Teuton, and Scandinavian (which are reckoned the best elements) show a serious falling off, whereas the bulk of immigrants come from Southern and Eastern Europe and Asia Minor. It is a serious matter. American students note inferiority in the character and economic status of these latter-day citizens. For which reason the average Jew, Sicilian, or Greek who lands at the Battery with \$15 in his pocket is no longer a welcome guest. Out of a million aliens over fourteen years of age admitted in a typical year, more than one fourth could neither read nor write. Therefore stringent lines began to be drawn by the American Government. The steamship companies were warned, yet as one statistician owns—"an appalling number of aliens on the verge of dependency, defectiveness, and delinquency still contrive to get into our country."

Even the desirable classes do not "distribute" well, but gravitate to, and stay in, already congested tenements of the cities. The Commissioner-General of Immigration regards this as the greatest question of all. It has been laid before Congress in many a Presidential Message. It has perplexed reformers, philanthropists, professors of economics and sociology, as well as the Press and the pulpit, immigration conferences, and the learned and business associations.

Meanwhile the immigrant continues to cling to the city—though Professor Wilcox, of the Census Bureau, fancied that earlier comers gradually fused with the farmers and took to the land. It is to be hoped so. But out of my typical million aliens I see that over one third claimed the State of New York as their "ultimate destination." Moreover, a large majority of that million made for the four great cities of New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, and Boston, where the housing of these

people is at once a problem and a grave scandal. The Commissioner of Labor asked his brother-official of the Immigration for 100,000 farm laborers at 5*l.* a month and their board, but Mr. Watchorn was unable to supply them.

Of crime in the cities—of wholesale assassination by secret societies like the Armenian Henchak, the Chinese Tongs, the Greek vendettas and blood-feuds, the Mafia, Camorra, and Black Hand—it would be tedious to write, even if their blackmailings and dynamitings were not wholly incredible to the British reader. I may say the same of the cheapness of life in American industries. "There are 525,000 minutes in a year," the *New York American* reminds its readers portentously, "and each year over 525,000 persons are killed or injured in our industries." On the railways alone—according to the figures of the Interstate Commerce Commission—10,046 persons were killed and 84,155 injured in a single year. Anthracite mining claimed 5100 victims, factory and building operations the enormous total of 425,000 more.

A very great railroad expert—the late President J. J. Hill, of the Northern Pacific—said to a member of Roosevelt's Cabinet after the Terra Cotta disaster near Washington: "Every time I take a journey nowadays I expect it to be my last." And truly America in full blast is a battlefield of forced gaiety and reckless joy. The men are immersed in business. It is a mistake to think they worship the dollar for its own sake; it is the "game" which mainly allures—the ceaseless allision of wits, with craft and counter-craft; the strategy of Wall Street, of the wheat-pits and all the roaring marts from Buffalo to Galveston, and from Seattle down to New Orleans.

They are princely spenders, these moneyed men. Their women are given to Babylonian splendor, as witness the "cottages" of Newport with their bronze

doors and marble halls, and shade trees carted bodily to bare garden cliffs by gangs of Italian laborers, who tunneled out each tree and transported it at a cost of 200*l.* The German has noted these strange feats, and he deals cynically with them in the *Vossische Zeitung* before me, pointing the moral of "that malady of feminism which poisons the whole life of the United States."

Why is it that the upper classes of America (and where is caste more inexorably defined?) keep aloof from such grievous social evils as "graft" in politics, a venal police that battens upon crime, and a Tammany Hall régime in the richest and most populous of all their cities? "We leave muck-raking to the magazines," the aristocracy of Madison Avenue will tell you, and the palatial culture of Riverside Drive, or charming Lenox in the Berkshire Hills. "We keep out of public life for fear of our Press." I know Americans of international fame who say they were "driven out by the newspapers." Certainly the license claimed by these journals is an unwholesome sign.

However, I must own that the Great War has restrained the most truculent and exuberant of these, and run color from the "yellowest" sheet; as well as teaching the lady of millions that there are finer things in life than freak dinners, with stock and bonds in the serviettes and costly jewels as cotillion favors.

Today America throes with change, though still divided into State "compartments" which make large national effort and complete unanimity an ideal and no more. Even the Atlantic States, from Maryland up to Maine, live their own lives, unconcerned with wider American issues—such as the continental army, concerning which Secretary Garrison but lately resigned.

It is time that I dealt with these Sovereign States and their quasi-independence of the Federal Government

in Washington. Each State has its own constitution, based upon the will of its own people and not dictated by the Washington Congress at all. Each State has its own Governor, its own Legislature of two Houses, with executive officers and judicial system, besides a State Army of which the Governor has sole command. Senator Dick, of Ohio, brought in a law to link these militias with the Federal forces, but the States are extremely jealous of their "sovereign rights," and showed no zeal for this proposal.

I suppose the classic instance of clash between one of the States and the Federal Government was the open defiance of California in 1907 over the penal laws passed against the Japanese. These settlers were regarded as the advance guard of an "invasion" which, rightly or wrongly, has for many years obsessed American naval and military staffs.

Japanese railroad laborers underbid the Scandinavians on the coast by a dollar a day. Manufacturers who produced a lantern at 40 cents found themselves undersold by a better Asiatic article at 18 cents. Hence the Japanese Exclusion League of San Francisco. Hence murderous riots at last, and the looting of Japanese hotels, restaurants, and stores. The State Legislature had "Jim Crow" cars in mind for keen-witted yellow men, whose children were soon banished from the "white" schools—to the rising wrath of Tokio, and the grave embarrassment of Viscount Aoki, then Japanese Ambassador in Washington.

Californians in Japan added fuel to the flames by telling of alleged disabilities in "a hostile nation." From New York to the Pacific Slope a Japanese-American war was canvassed, and pages of the Sunday papers were given to the rival navies, and to the Japanese "invasion" of Hawaii and the Philippines, which was considered an ac-

complished fact. There were interviews with experts the world over, from Edison and Sir Cyprian Bridge to Captain Menshikov in Petrograd, who thought "America is ridiculously unprepared for war." "Roosevelt" (the Russian declared) "is a laughing-stock when he shrieks about the might of the Great Republic which has no army—and a poorish navy which must needs go round by the Horn, arriving on the scene of action in sore need of repairs, and with no suitable docks in which to make them."

Never was the naiveness of American journalism so quaintly shown as in the daily questioning of suave Siuzo Aoki, who faced the music with unvarying tact and humor, which were priceless assets in a situation of growing peril.

The President was at his wits' end. He tried moral suasion with California. Remonstrance too, as well as cajolery and threats—only to be answered in the following strain by the now rebellious State, speaking through the *San Francisco Chronicle*, whose owner, Mr. M. de Freece, was a Republican of national note. "When oppression takes the place of protection," said the *Chronicle* darkly, "the spirit of loyalty takes flight. When the Constitution becomes coercive, the years of our Republic loom full of trouble, and will probably be few. . . . A very large measure of autonomy must be conceded in a continent so vast as ours. And the President's attitude in this matter would tend to make the West hate the Federal Government, were it not for the profound conviction that his policy is purely personal and certain of repudiation by Congress, as well as by his party and the whelming majority of the American people."

Mr. Roosevelt did send the American Fleet round Cape Horn to the coast—a grave, unnecessary step which exacerbated a situation already more than delicate. This loudly trumpeted "dem-

onstration" was a political flourish, at least partly intended to soothe the irate Californians. It was probably the last instance of spread-eagling on the part of Uncle Sam. For today he knows his military weakness, wailed as it is from the housetops by Admirals and Chiefs of Staff, by President and Ministers too, and all responsible publicists—as well as by sensation mongers who drop "Get Ready" pamphlets from aeroplanes upon ecstatic peace-meetings and Christian Science assemblies.

Never again will America's Chief Executive throw down the challenge—"Arbitrate or Fight," as Grover Cleveland did over the Venezuelan affair. The illusion is gone that the United States can "lick creation" with volunteers enrolled in the leisurely fashion of the Civil War. America is older—wiser far and more averse than ever from the blood-lust of armed strife, though it surge at her very door, as it did for many months in chaotic Mexico, where bandits wiped the winter streets with the Stars and Stripes and shot Americans with ultra-Prussian ferocity. The Mexican welter is another complex domestic trouble of the United States. How much of it is due to native brigand aims, how much to Van Rintelen's bags of dollars, and how much to the wire-pulling of American mining and other interests in Mexico is outside the scope of this article.

I say America is sobered now, scenting new dangers which no fine words at home will avert, nor the old "shirt-sleeves" diplomacy abroad, from Peking to The Hague. Prussia's Great Adventure has left the United States less inclined than ever for interference with Old World affairs. She has no ear for Root or Roosevelt heroics, no desire to lead the lesser neutrals in crusading protest, from Norway to Spain, from Holland to Brazil and beyond. So President Wilson moves in perfect accord with his apathetic people's wish to

"Keep Out" and not embroil them with enemies, hyphenate or foreign—German, Mexican, or Japanese. A few American thinkers view with horror and amazement the present lapse of progress and the night of civilization in which we grope. The masses see themselves richer than ever through the War, and wooed by all belligerents for the sake of material resources in their vast and virgin domain—wheat and cotton, copper and steel, as well as machines of endless ingenuity adapted to the ends of war.

America loves to send shiploads of toys to the fatherless children, to feed stricken Belgium and Poland and Serbia, to give millions of dollars to assuage the world's wounds, without sitting in judgment on the Right and Wrong of this calamity. For the War presents chameleon hues to the people in every State of the Union, from the Gulf to the Great Lakes—where, indeed, the Berlin version "goes" with reckless propaganda and shrill voice of true Prussian mania—as in Chicago and Buffalo, Cleveland, Detroit and Duluth. Even in New York City feeling runs so high that half-humorous posters outside office doors beg you to "Leave IT outside!"

Thus the World-War—this desperate clash of races and ideals—is to the Great Neutral little more than a topic of conversation, more or less excited, a portent altogether incomprehensible and strange. Heads are shaken over the madness of it all, and blame distributed surprisingly among all the belligerents. America's attitude indeed is that of the spectator at a football match, with bets so safely placed as to ensure a huge haul. The President himself has said that the origin and cause of this catastrophe is no concern of America. His people read the daily "story" with sorrow for us all, and high consciousness of their own nobler state, to which we may attain when the blaze of war dies

down and we sit clear-eyed and repentant in the ashes of Europe.

Today the United States is more than ever concerned with problems peculiarly her own. Domestic weaknesses now loom with disconcerting crudity and crying need. The physical failure of the Panama Canal, for instance—a fact of looming emergence, obscured for a time by the fog of war. The lack of a merchant marine is felt to have crippled the Pan-American dream; “the need of ships and established routes” which President Wilson deplored at last year’s Latin-American Conference, when he greeted his neighbors with new zest.

Dr. Wilson’s policy of “Keep Out” in regard to foreign affairs goes back to Washington’s day. The First President was forever warning the new Republic against “entangling alliances”
The Nineteenth Century and After.

and devious European ways, which even then looked dark and cruel in young America’s eyes. A century of teeming prosperity and jostling immigration has intensified this view; so that words fail me to convey the sentiment and scene when Bryan and Von Papen rose to address the Clan-na-Gael Irish, and fan the traditional mistrust of England which the American child imbibes from those school-books that I know Lord Bryce would like to see rewritten with due regard for historic facts.

“A plague on all your houses” is America’s impatient reply to all belligerent claims and reproaches, expressed or implied. “We came over here to escape kings, and to crown a Demos of our own with right living and the duty of Delight.”

William G. Fitz-Gerald.
 (“*Ignatius Phayre*”).

THE FUTURE OF POLAND.

Of all the problems which will be presented for solution to the combined wisdom of the Allies, when the moment comes to reconstruct the map of Europe, none offers so little prospect of easy and permanent settlement as the question of Poland. Since the middle of the eleventh century, when historical records began to be kept in Central Europe, the Polish problem has existed in varying degrees of intensity. For though that loosely knit community of sister races and contiguous provinces has enjoyed brief periods of power and prosperity, nothing approaching genuine peace or stable conditions has ever fallen to its lot. “A nation divided against itself”—at every epoch of its story, the kingdom of Poland merits such a description. Continuous strife within its frontiers, as well as without, has been its fate, for its inhabitants have never been able to learn the secret

of uniting even in the face of a common enemy.

But we are not here concerned with the past ramifications of the Polish problem, except in so far as they throw light upon its future destiny, nor at this moment would it serve any useful purpose to attempt to establish the geographic and ethnographic limitations of the three Polish provinces, inspired by statistics collected before the war. The census of 1905 estimated the combined population of Russian, Austrian, and German Poland as about 28,000,000 souls. Today only a fraction of the Polish element of these millions remain in the country. According to the evidence of the American representative of a Transatlantic Food Fund who has just returned from a tour in Poland the greater part of the Polish population under the age of six and over the age of sixty has been exterminated.

With the exception of children between the ages of seven and fifteen who are confined in concentration camps, and given just enough food to keep them alive, those inhabitants of the regions now occupied by the armies of the Central Empires have merely escaped the sword to perish through famine and exposure.

In these circumstances, it will scarcely help us to remember that in the years immediately preceding 1914 about seventy-five per cent of the population professed the Roman Catholic faith, while the Jews represented twelve per cent, and members of the Orthodox Church scarcely more than six per cent of the residue. But if the majority of Poles have been wiped out by the ruthless invader, the territory of Poland, devastated and ruined, still occupies the same space on the Continent of Europe. And the future political destiny of this territory has to be decided by the Allies, not only in the interests of Poland, but also in their own, and decided in such a manner as will prevent it from again troubling the tranquillity of its neighbors. While respecting, as far as possible, the national aspirations of the remnant of the Polish race, now more than ever dependent on the benevolent protection of the Great Powers, the Allies must never lose sight of their first duty, which is the conclusion of a permanent peace. For no sentimental reasons should we be persuaded to make concessions which might provoke future catastrophes and throw Europe once more into the melting pot of war.

If England, France, and Russia are ever to turn their swords into ploughshares, the transformation can only be accomplished after the Allies have barred all gates against the possibility that German intrigue may become the prelude to German aggression in the future as it has been in the past.

It is with these considerations in mind that we must approach the question of Poland, which concerns Russia more vitally and directly than either France or England. In spite of the fear recently expressed to me by a Polish patriot, that an inconclusive victory over the Central Powers might induce Russia to agree to a new partition, it is improbable that the bureaucracy in Petrograd will possess the power, even if they retain the desire, to continue the policy of persecution they formerly inflicted upon that unhappy country. I refuse to believe that when the war is over the Tsar will consent to any compromise by which the methods of the new "Teutonic Order" could be applied to any portion of Poland, thousands of whose sons have fought and bled for the Allied cause in the armies of Russia.

This impossibility rejected, there remain, in my opinion, but two alternative solutions of this secular difficulty. Either the tripartite divisions of Poland might be welded into one absolutely independent kingdom, or the two provinces hitherto under the domination of Germany and Austria might be federated to the third, and the whole endowed with a large measure of autonomy under the suzerainty of Russia.

To those who, like the present writer, set great store by the principle of nationality the first solution is by far the more attractive. The kingdom of Poland has a glorious if a turbulent past. Time was—between the end of the fourteenth and the end of the sixteenth centuries—when she played the part of a great Power in Europe, and even after the rapacity, and the mutual jealousies of her hereditary nobility had delivered her up to the conquering Prussian and Muscovite, the Poles remained eminent in culture, both artistic and scientific. Their flourishing universities attracted students from all parts of the world. In music, in

literature, in philosophy, this gifted race have held their own among the other European nations who enjoyed more favorable political conditions, nor have they been slow to adopt the methods of commercial development which the last century saw inaugurated all over the Occident. Lodz, Warsaw, Lublin, and Plock were thriving manufacturing centers until the war arrested their activity. During the last twenty years the peasantry, oppressed for centuries by the landed proprietors and abandoned to the Jews, have seen many of their disabilities abolished. From the point of view of education the Polish peasant is more fortunately situated than his Russian brother. In 1857 thirty per cent of the population were certified able to read and write as against nine per cent in the Empire of the Tsars.

Independence is undoubtedly the most cherished dream of the Polish soul, a dream which has survived both internecine strife and foreign domination. But the fact that this desire has remained so long unrealized points—it is useless to deny it—to those inherent defects in the Polish character which worked the ruin of Poland in the past, and which might, if given a free opportunity, precipitate a similar disaster in the future—a disaster that would inevitably have a dangerous repercussion upon the rest of Europe.

Is it too much to hope that the Polish people have come, through adversity, to realize their limitations? Is it too much to hope that they will learn, through the terrible experience of their present misery, the danger which the gift of absolute liberty comports for small nations unable to defend their freedom by force of arms?

Let us assume for a moment that when victory crowns the arms of the Allies, the Tsar, moved by an impulse of generosity, should redeem, in the

largest sense, the promise of autonomy made at the outbreak of hostilities to his Polish subjects. Let us imagine them left to the unfettered selection of a King and Constitution. Is it conceivable to anyone who knows the Poles and their history that they would ever agree in their choice of either the one or the other, or abide by that choice after it was made? They have had great kings in the past, men of remarkable ability and worth. How did they treat them? And what of their constitutional expedients—their Diets—with the *liberum veto* and other abuses, not to mention that trick often repeated of calling in foreign aid against recalcitrant members of their own household!

I hope I shall not be suspected of lack of sympathy for the Poles when I submit that it would be contrary to the interests of the Allies, and pre-eminently of Russia, if such unconditional freedom were accorded them. Even allowing for the enormous diminution which Teutonic brutality has effected in the population, it is safe to assume that a large majority of those who will reconstitute the Polish nation will be, as before, members of the Roman Catholic Church. At the beginning of the war, religious differences were at least temporarily obliterated, and the Poles—Catholic, Orthodox, Jewish—rallied with equal enthusiasm to the side of their Russian masters. They did this in spite of the fact—which most of the Poles who are subjects of Austria would admit—that, failing complete independence, they would prefer to be governed by the House of Hapsburg than by the Tsar. No such sympathy, however, exists between the German Poles and their oppressors, and it is evident that in the first flush of gratitude to their liberator, the kingdom of Poland would be united in a burst of loyal sympathy with their Russian friends, upon whose frontiers it would constitute a buffer

State, and a barrier against the common enemy.

As long as this universal sentiment of loyalty to Russia lasted all would be well. But should we expect it to last in a race which has never in the whole course of its history been united in sentiment either towards an ally or against a foe? And quite apart from the dissension so fatally characteristic of the Polish temperament, have we not the example of Bulgaria's treachery before our eyes? To Russia, Bulgaria owes her very existence. Yet no sentiment of gratitude, no feeling of solidarity with their brother Slavs, has prevented Bulgaria from throwing in her lot with Russia's enemies. The desire to enlarge her frontiers at the expense of the hated Serb has triumphed over every other consideration.

Thus without imputing to the Poles of the future the same base motives that have actuated the Bulgarians in the present, we may well ask ourselves whether the Allies can risk creating in the heart of Europe an independent kingdom which might at some ulterior date turn and rend its mother.

Moreover, it must not be forgotten that Poland has suffered under Russian domination, and that even in times of freedom those memories persist, especially in the case of the Roman Catholic majority whose sympathy with the Orthodox heretic cannot be more than skin-deep. This majority will inevitably be exposed in the future to the influence of the Vatican, traditionally hostile to Orthodox Russia and favorably disposed both to Catholic Austria and autocratic Germany. This latter power can also be trusted to resume after the war the propaganda which she brought to such perfection before it. Her *agents provocateurs* will find in Poland a soil dangerously adapted to the seed of strife. Once untrammelled by even the shadow of tutelage, the day would certainly dawn when Poland would cast

about her for means to defend and enlarge her independence. If that eventuality arose she would find in Austria a certain, and in Germany a probable, ally. Is it to be supposed that the preponderating Catholics, secure of Rome's support, would hesitate? As for the Jewish element it has naturally learned to dread Russia, and is usually all over the world to be found on the winning side.

Of course any such potentiality of future aggrandizement would be derided by the Poles today, though we can scarcely blame them if they cherish in secret the dream of restoring their country to something of its former greatness. We cannot, however, allow them the chance of doing so at the expense of our Eastern Ally, nor admit the remote prospect that an attempt—even a vain attempt—to realize these more or less legitimate ambitions should plunge Europe afresh into bloodshed. The paramount duty of the Allies at the Peace Conference is, I repeat, to adjust the powers and pretensions of the European family so as to obviate the risk of the equilibrium, when established, being jeopardized from any conceivable direction.

The alternative solution of the Polish problem, which I indicated at the beginning of this article, contains no such dangerous possibilities. It is, I believe, a plan which commends itself to all those who have the true welfare of the Polish people at heart. If justly applied, it should afford them all the liberty they require for their national development. Its aim is the reconstitution of the kingdom of Poland under the suzerainty of Russia.

It is still too early to discuss the details of this political project, which would confer upon the united provinces all the benefits of Home Rule. The new kingdom would thereby acquire the advantages of internal self-government to the extent of establishing her

own local tribunals, placed under the supreme authority of Imperial Courts of Appeal, her own system of education, and the collection and administration of her own local finances. But she would presumably have to rely for her defense against aggression from without upon the armies of the suzerain Power who would also control her imperial finances and her relations, diplomatic and commercial, with foreign countries.

Some friends of Poland, in England and in France, would like to see her endowed with an autonomy which would bring her into the same relation with Russia as the Dominions of South Africa and Canada are with Great Britain. But these liberal-minded enthusiasts appear to forget that while thousands of miles of sea separate the Dominions from the Mother Country, Poland lies nearer to the bosom of Russia than even Ireland does to England. Poland, with full liberty to contract alliances abroad, to raise and equip an army, could strike a blow at the heart of Russia before the latter had time to defend herself. Herein lies precisely the difference between an independent and a protected Poland. Russia has, I believe, no intention of granting such a degree of irresponsible freedom to any of her subjects, nor should we urge her to do so. A wise and sufficient measure of Home Rule, with a place for her representatives in the Imperial Councils of the Empire, should be the cure for the age-long ills of the Polish race. To give them less would be unjust; to give them more would be folly.

It is evident that the success of such an experiment largely depends upon the manner in which the new privileges are accorded. It is not enough for the Tsar to sign a ukase granting autonomy to the three Polands united under the Russian flag. The laws in which the changed conditions are embodied have to be drawn up in a spirit of liberality,

and applied in a spirit of equity. In view of the attitude adopted by the bulk of Russian officials towards the Polish subjects they were appointed to govern, some misgivings, as to the way in which the Tsar's generosity will be translated in practice, are inevitable. Educated Poles are pursued by the dread that the promised concessions may be whittled away by a bureaucracy hostile to their ambitions, and permeated with German influence. Some danger of such a deplorable result obviously exists, though it is certain that Russia will emerge from the fiery ordeal of war as much changed as Poland will ever be. The day of the pro-German bureaucracy is already waning. It is not likely to survive the advent of the liberal middle class to power. Already the character of the Duma and of the Zemstvos have changed to suit changed conditions, and signs are not wanting which indicate that these alterations in the psychology of the governing classes are not merely transient phenomena called into existence by the war, but permanent modifications in the structure of Russian society analogous to those which took place in France after the Revolution, and which distinguished the Victorian era in England. If this is so, the substance, and not merely the shadow of liberty, will be brought at last within the grasp of the persecuted Poles. Even should it fall short of their aspirations, I am convinced that this mitigated autonomy would be gladly accepted by the better and most responsible section of the nation. In lending their loyal co-operation to the evolution of such a project, they can most effectively assist their beloved land to repair the ravages of flame and sword, and to lay the foundations of an era of prosperity such as Poland has not known for centuries.

It is essential, not only for Eastern, but also for Western Europe, that the small nationalities who have suffered so

acutely from the depredations of our enemies, should be protected against the future machinations of the Central Empires. Those countries which the invaders have overrun, and which an Allied victory will force them to relinquish, Germany will certainly make an effort to regain, as markets for her revived industrial activity. She will spare no pains and no expense to seduce them from their loyalty to the Allies, and as the years obliterate the memory of their martyrdom, some measure of success might reward her perfidy. It is therefore the clear duty of the Allies

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to adopt a policy which will prevent the feeble folk of Europe from again falling prey to Teutonic blandishments. Only in this way can we hope to secure both for them and for ourselves a peace that will endure, without which neither the Great Powers nor the smaller countries can hope for the prolonged period of harmonious development which will compensate us all for the appalling sacrifice of life and treasure we are now making, and which, if we are only wise enough to temper generosity with justice, may blossom, like the basil plant of Isabella, out of death.

J. Coudurier de Chassaigne.

DEMI-ROYAL.

BY ASHTON HILLIERS, AUTHOR OF "AS IT HAPPENED."

(No materials exist for a consecutive narrative covering the nine months intervening between the close of the last chapter and the beginning of this. Mr. Fanshawe reached Stockholm in safety and took up his commission. He would seem to have devoted himself both in that city, and subsequently in Stralsund, where his regiment was quartered, to the study of his profession and to acquiring the Swedish, French and German languages.)

The journals recommence abruptly, and without preface, some sheets having been unluckily destroyed by mice.—Editor.)

CHAPTER VII.

JENA.

. . . night before the general engagement is one I can never forget. 'Twas the thirteenth of October, 1806. This was to be my first battle, the culmination of my hopes, possibly of my career. Be sure I did not under-rate the occasion.

On the previous evening I had been borrowed by the General Commander-in-Chief, Field Marshal the Prince Hohenlohe, from the staff of General Ruchel, commanding the reserve, under whom I had served as aide since His

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Majesty's* contingent† had joined the allies.‡

This promotion, for so I regarded it, I owed to a certain rude facility in the Swedish and German tongues, which I had labored hard to acquire whilst lying in Stralsund, foreseeing that without some power of making his wants known to his comrades, and to the people of the country, a soldier would fare but indifferently when operations began.

That it should have fallen to an Englishman to act as interpreter was unusual, we being the poorest of linguists; but, the Swedes, and Scandinavians generally, whilst acquiring English with ease, find the High German a difficult tongue to master, and the Prussian officers, at that time the proudest body of men in Europe, and holding all others in contempt, saw no necessity for speaking any language save their own.

Hence it came about, that instead of marching with my regiment, my

*Swedish; Gustavus the Seventh.—Ed.

†Two battalions and four squadrons, 1,200 in all.—Ed.

‡Prussian and Saxon.—Ed.

services as galloper were claimed in turn by two Prussian general officers, a duty for which my weight would have disqualified me in peace manœuvres.

But, to return to the night before the battle. I remember we lay out beside great fires, the forest country in which we were operating supplying an abundance of fuel, but little else.

That we of the staff had gone short, I do not say, but from various incidents which recurred to me after the event I can see that some deficiencies in supply were already apparent.

Whilst transferring myself from General Ruchel to the Headquarters Staff I had chanced upon a scene of almost incredible disorder; Prussian infantry plundering the baggage of their Saxon allies. I had seen weapons and accoutrements left beside the road, and even guns, which had not been fired in that campaign, spiked and dismounted as though by men in flight; all the appearance of panic rout, which none upon the spot could explain, nor any circumstances known to me justify.

It cannot be denied that the death of Prince Louis Ferdinand, killed in a rear-guard affair three days before, was casting a gloom over the army. Rumors of a dozen inconsiderable engagements, in all of which we had been unlucky, were in the air.

These sights and rumors were disquieting, but I was fortified by the counsel of a grizzled captain of Hulans with whom I shared my sausage, rye-bread and schnaps beside the road, whilst resting the backs of our horses.

"Never, my friend, of the spirit or the strength of an army judge by what at the rear you may by chance see. It is the head, and not the tail of the lion that is to be feared," he went on, quoting some service-tag of Rosbach days.

No officer of the Great Frederick admitted for one moment the possibility of defeat. We were *the* army, the

pattern, exemplar, cynosure and final expression of military efficiency, and the Art of War. We did the Right Thing in the Right Manner, and at the Right Time, and what we did not do, or know, was unworthy of being known or done.

In fact, we were not a little self-conscious. We felt the eyes of the world upon us. Our King was the Arbiter of Europe. After deliberation long and due, preparation adequate, and the proud forbearance of conscious strength, Prussia had taken the field.

The insolence of the Corsican Upstart had grown unendurable; it was determined to read him a lesson.

To pretend that I had the faintest premonition of impending disaster would be sheer coxcombry. I entertained not a misgiving. How should I, a raw beginner, newly come to the theatre of war, and caught up and borne along by this vast and magnificent machine in its slow and superb progress, perceive that its plan was out of date, its joints ill-fitted, and its material worm-eaten?

The little old fellow munching beside me was so cleverly tailored, padded and made-up that his age did not strike me until forced upon my attention by his converse.

"Ach! what upon the peace-establishment a fine thing it is to be! Curse this active service! It is the ruin of an army. For, attend now, sir captain, I, who your senior by forty years am, also a captain am. A senior captain, no doubt, but only a captain still, and with as much prospect of my majority as of a Field Marshal's baton, so slow is promotion.

"Do I complain? No. We upon the Peace-Strength many compensations enjoy. At Hameln, *par exemple*," (the man interlarded his discourse with scraps of French, as did, I suppose, the Great Frederick who gave him his commission), "at my garrison-town,

headquarters of my regiment, the ever-glorious Zorndorfers, I, with my family and grandchildren, for many years comfortably established am.

"Have I private means, you ask? Liebe Gott! not a thaler! Cadet of a noble race of the Brandenburg Mark, but . . ." he spread his fingers and puffed away the imaginary gold-dust which might be supposed to adhere to them by right of ancient descent, "Ach, no; but, what with my inspectorship of mess utensils, my purveyorship of pipe-clay (supplied by my younger son), my monopoly of tape and powder for the privates' queues, and one or two little matters beside (my pay, for instance) we all along rub, or hitherto along rubbed have.

"But, as I said, this cursed war everything very unwarrantably has upset.

"For, to begin with, before joining the advance, I, my posts, monopolies, and purveyorships to transfer have compelled been.

"My children and grandchildren starve. Whilst I . . . *peste!*"

He masticated with a gloomy deliberation natural to a man who had scarcely a tooth in his head, and presently resumed his grumble.

"When upon active service the difficulties with one's brother officers always arrive. These persons when in garrison one avoids. When on detached duty one their never-ceasing importunities, and painfully-to-be-reciprocated civilities escapes. But, upon campaign they at one's elbow eternally are.

"Believe me, they are insufferable! My colonel, *par exemple*"—the old gentleman swore for a whole minute beneath his breath before mustering patience to proceed, "Spirits of the Just!" he cried at last, having exhausted his stock of stronger appeals, "is not that man insupportable? Whether when from the stone, or from the gout suffering, his temper at its worst is,

we of that least-blest regiment yet to determine have."

After beating the crumbs from his facings, he remounted stiffly, and left me without the usual salutations, still swearing in a muffled undertone.

On the following morning a sound of distant musketry aroused me from my slumbers beside the whitened brands. I sat up with cocked ear, for those were the first shots I had heard fired in war.

"Une affaire of outposts, my friend, lie down again," said a brother *aide*. But the sounds increased and the area of the dispute seemed spreading, so bidding my orderly saddle up and free my horse from his heel-ropes, I made for the Headquarters tent.

Being six o'clock 'twas light enough but very thick. A wet blanket of fog hung low over the woods, filling roads and clearings as with bales of wool.

The quarters of His Serene Highness the Princee Hohenlohe displayed few signs of activity. A barber tripped in with hot water and shaving-dish, a valet was cleaning a splashed wig.

Then the great man showed himself for a moment at the tent-fly in stays and night-cap, taking snuff and peering blindly this way and that, like a badger at the mouth of his earth.

"Merely a distraction: they seek to amuse us," he remarked and withdrew again.

Three hours later His Highness had changed his opinion. The day had cleared, showing us some wooded heights to our front held by the enemy in force. I learned from a brother galloper that these eminences (the Landgrafenburg, I think) had been reconnoitred by our staff and pronounced impracticable for guns.

The French, imagining otherwise, had massed their batteries along the crest.

The affair of outposts was growing, had grown, indeed, into a battle.

The bone of contention was a village in the center of our position, and at the foot of this hill. I fail to recall the name of the place, but it signified shrines, or crosses. [Vierzehnheiligen?—*Ed.*] This hamlet was taken and retaken repeatedly.

It is not to be supposed that a galloper packed hither and thither with orders had leisure to observe the battle, or experience to inform himself of the significance of what was passing, but I gathered something from the chance-dropped remarks of my fellows: thus, "Lost again!" would be muttered sourly in my ear upon my return from some errand, or, "Ours this time! Van Schau!" (the nearest approach to "Fanshawe" made by my German associates).

By noon we had regained the hamlet by a charge of horse, and the French center seemed wavering, a conjunction which suggested to His Highness the wisdom of accelerating matters. Turning towards me, he beckoned, I saluted and stood at attention, he, meanwhile, penciling his dispatch, and at intervals pausing to watch the fight, or to spell a word aloud.

"To General Ruchel," he said, folding the paper, and dismissing me.

Leaving the road, which was thronged with wounded and malingerers creeping to the rear, I committed myself to the forest and rode my best. My former chief was seated upon a bench before a farmhouse in a clearing, his staff near at hand. "Heh, Van Schau!" he cried as I drew rein, "How goes the affair?—All well?" and without awaiting my reply arose stiffly, humming an air, fumbling for his glasses with one hand whilst extending the other for the dispatch.

"Ach, so," he said, "it would seem that the Prince is of good confidence. The reserve is to finish the matter."

So thought we all. There is a pause in every battle, when both combatants,

having done their best, totter and grunt for breath. A good general seizes this moment to deliver a body-blow, a right-hander over the heart. We were to be the fist.

The simultaneous advance of twenty thousand men upon a narrow front is an imposing spectacle. My heart beat high. Now was my opportunity: surely this was my day. But, duty first. Having delivered my message to General Ruchel, I returned and reported to the Prince Hohenlohe and resumed my post behind him, whence I watched without any misgiving our infantry go by in column, eyes front, not a pigtail awry.

My Stralsunders passed at the trot. How I longed to be with them! but must remain at my general's crupper.

The old man watched "his children" go into action with much complacency, tapping the lid of his snuff-box with his forefinger in a manner which we of his staff had learned to interpret. It would be "Fair."

A few minutes later that finger pointed to "Stormy," all was not well.

We were posted upon a low hillock beneath a cherry-tree beside the road, a rye-stubble sloping down from our feet to the enclosures about the church. The attack was not making way.

"Herr Van Schau," said His Highness, half turning in his saddle, "convey my compliments to the General Ruchel, and tell him that village must be taken. I rely upon him, you will 'say, *rely*, observe; also apprise him that I have placed the Zorndorf Regiment of Hulans at his disposal."

To Ruchel first. The General was taking snuff with a kind of fury. "Sakkerment!—What, a thousand devils, did His Highness mean by waiting until—*now*? Himmel, but this is distracting!" he shut the snuff-box with a snap like the cocking of a pistol.

Through the smoke between us and the church two regiments of Saxon

foot were endeavoring to deploy. The cross-fire from the houses to which these unfortunates were exposed seemed to benumb their faculties. The men clung together in groups for mutual shelter, equally in fear of the French in front and of their sergeants behind, whose canes and curses were going at a great rate. At brief intervals grape ripped through the branches above us, twigs and foliage fell. Between these gusts came the dropping hum of musket-balls, a sound which made me think of dor-beetles in the old paddock at Winteringhame at sunset.

"The French are firing high," said General Ruchel, his voice shriller than its wont. "When the enemy get their range those poltroons will bolt, and then, what of my guns?—'Zorndorfers'?—who said Zorndorfers? Here, Captain Van Schau,"—I was at his stirrup in an instant,—*"To the Zorndorfer Hulans; my compliments to the Colonel von Windischgau; he must charge instantly, and extricate those batteries. Ah! what a trick to play upon my division! To throw me into the tub after the bottom had fallen out! Ride, you Swedish pig-dog! Don't sit staring at me like a poltergeist!"* and my last impression of my general is of a sorely-tried old gentleman who was finding himself unequal to his task.

To the rear and the Zorndorfers as fast as four heels could carry me.

Their colonel, the Freiherr von Windischgau, was a man still older than General Ruchel. I found him at the rear of his command dismounted and bent double, as he crept up and down, trying to walk off his lumbago.

"Heh? What?" he remarked in the low, thick undertone of the deaf. His servant repeated my general's order with his mouth to the veteran's ear. The command was received with an old man's stubborn, contemplative silence, the obstinate delay of one who for years

has been used to keep others awaiting his pleasure.

"Charge, is it? . . . Hum . . . Ha . . . But, I am quite too old for such active service, as the good Ruchel must very well know," the man was thinking aloud and was unaware of the fact. "Ask him for his order; I desire to see it," he spoke to his orderly.

"There is none, my colonel," bawled the fellow.

"Then I decline to accept verbal instructions from a person unknown to me. Tell him so! Is it not enough that the ever-glorious Zorndorf Regiment should be placed temporarily under the command of an officer junior to myself in the service, but he must send me his orders by word-of-mouth?" He began to swear, indulging in ludicrous grimaces as his pains gripped him.

'Twas no part of my duty to argue with this amazing old person. A general officer might have taken the command out of his hands and led the regiment into action. Captain Fanshawe of the Swedish contingent could do nothing.

Back to the Commander-in-Chief. The crimson crown of that cherry-tree was my landmark, but the staff was no longer there. During my absence things had moved rapidly. The Saxons had fallen back across the rye-stubble which was dotted with light blue uniforms quiet or crawling.

If the Zorndorfers had obeyed instructions the moment for a charge was past. The guns were inextricable: limbers crowded with bombardiers clinging to one another like bees, rushed past. The men were kicking away others on foot who sought to clamber to seats, a soldier fell and the wheels passed over him.

I had a vision of white-faced, horrified drivers flogging screaming horses, of a universal movement to the rear of everyone who could keep his feet, nor from that moment can I arrange consecutively the occurrences of that miserable day.

The Saxons had rallied and were forming square across the road behind me, upon which four light pieces were coming back from the front at a tearing gallop, closely pursued by French *chasseurs à cheval*. A child could have seen that it was no time to trifle; 'twas open ranks and let 'em through, or take the consequences. But the pedant in command commenced some drill-book movement suited to a Dresden barrack square, and was caught in the act. On came the guns, the teams with the pace in them blind and mad with fear and spurring. The face of the square flinched, rocked and emitted a spatter of fire, and upon the instant, that mass of horses, men and metal, flyers and pursuers, plunged into the very belly of it.

The French batteries were silent, something was coming, and lo! there broke upon my sight the most terrifying and magnificent spectacle that I had ever witnessed. Right and left, as far as the ground allowed, stout gray horses came trampling the rye-stubble at a hard trot, bearing steel cuirasses and brass helmets topped by long horse-hair plumes. Through the intervals of the squadrons poured lighter and swifter riders.

Coming straight for me rode a gorgeously uniformed officer restraining the fire of his horse with one hand, with the other waving a riding-whip. The man was slight and graceful, riding with the long stirrup which has since come to be regarded as the proper cavalry seat. His splendid chestnut barb skipped the trail of an overturned gun as lightly as a deer, the rider, without turning in his saddle, flashed glances to left and right and quickened his pace. 'Twas a gentleman huntsman throwing-off, but the hounds behind the man were seven thousand couple of the keenest sabres in Europe, and he, though I knew it not until months later, was Joachim Murat, Duke of Berg.

I did not await him. Hitherto I had watched the battle as through a glass, or as one watches a play, never doubting that in the end all would go well with us. The crowds making for the rear, the litter of wounded men, I had been forewarned of, and had steeled myself to see; but, the act of turning opened my eyes, this was no retreat, 'twas a rout: the army of the Great Frederick was running!

Suddenly I was conscious that I stood alone and was drawing the fire of advancing tirailleurs in the woods beyond the road. The hum of the balls had not distressed me whilst I had anything to do, or was in company, but now . . . !

What befell me? Ah, I have hazy recollections of hurry and hard riding, of a wearing anxiety to find my chief, to be doing something, anything! In these moments the fabric of my military experience—small enough, Heaven knows!—was falling to pieces. And no wonder; much else of older growth was disintegrating all around me; a vast military system, having been weighed and found wanting, was under the wheel, crumbling to atoms amid sights and sounds of frenzy.

Those poor privates, no man shall tell me they behaved ill! With their officers 'twas otherwise. Have you ever watched from behind the scenes a stage emperor, magnificent in paste and tinsel, strut lordly to the wings and—hey! presto! relax in one moment into the worried, irritable little mannikin of private life? This was in progress all around me.

It had needed less than an hour to reduce some thousands of Von This and Von That, nobles and High-Borns, to droves of hustled, whimpering, cursing old gentlemen who had missed their luncheons.

Alternately moved by abject terrors and senile furies, hatless, wigless, they rode blindly into bushes and bogs. Some offered to surrender their swords

to their own men; others, less fortunate, but equally mistaken, hectored and cuffed Frenchmen whom they took for Swedish auxiliaries, and were knocked o' the head before they discovered their errors.

Hundreds, prostrate from fatigue, unable to keep their saddles, or to regain them after dismounting, yielded themselves at a word to drummers, sutlers, or the first Frenchman they met.

From that day, and from those scenes of imbecile folly and poltroonery, discreditable to the Order which had kept in its hands so long the resources of Prussia, dates that overweening contempt which the French have ever since entertained for the men whom they vanquished at Jéna, and the unquenchable hate with which that scorn has been requited.

We were beat; but, as we were presently to learn, that was the least part of our misery.

As conceived by our commanders a pitched battle was a trial of strength at the conclusion of which the victor occupied the field, collected the colors, guns and prisoners, and sung a *Te Deum*; conducted himself, in short, like the better cock at the close of a farm-yard tussle, whilst the vanquished force drew off in good order to refit and fight another day.

This, I say, was our theory as to how a battle should be conducted. The French held a different view, and were acting upon it. It seemed no part of their scheme that we should ever fight again anywhere. The field of battle, the spoils and the rest of it, did not distract them from pressing the pursuit while daylight lasted, breaking up every military formation, and reducing us to a series of dispirited, disconnected, starving mobs.

In this they succeeded to a degree which surely must have surprised themselves.

Those horsemen of Murat stuck to us for hours. Were we never to see the last of them? Six leagues from the field they were still upon our flanks and entered Weimar with us. Along those awful miles of retreat all arms were mingled, all ranks leveled; weapons, clothing, even rations were cast away, and every encumbrance discarded by the breathless, footsore throngs which trotted and stumbled along the highway, panting and sweating, ridden into, and ridden down, pricked, sabred and bullied by the cavalry which pressed upon their rear and flanks.

For a while I strove against the infection of panic, and cast about for someone to give me orders, but, as nobody claimed my service I ended by yielding to the contagion of the hour and fell into as blue a funk as the rest.

But, our troubles were only beginning. In the early darkness of that autumn evening we found the road ahead blocked by another stream of fugitives, and could make no progress. What had happened we knew not until morning, but the fact was that we of Prince Hohenlohe's command had run full tilt into our second and larger army in flight from its disastrous defeat at Auerstadt.

I heard later that this crowning calamity broke what little resolution our leaders possessed, who thenceforth thought of nothing but an armistice and peace upon any terms.

Upon us, men of lower degree, the finality and completeness of the *débâcle* had a similar effect. We no longer thought of resistance or the honors of our corps, but applied ourselves to getting as far from the enemy as fast as we could.

I walked beside my horse all night, and by good fortune fell in with the remains of the Swedish contingent at Buttelsstadt next day.

By dint of ceaseless trudging we had shaken off those French, but, lacking

orders, or disgusted by the manifest imbecility of such as we did receive, we held a council of war and decided to act independently.

You know that Jéna, the scene of our defeat, lies upon the head-waters of the River Saale which runs nearly due north.

We of the Swedish force retreated down the valley, making for our own country, a journey of three hundred miles. Exactly what we were aiming at I do not know, for Stralsund had fallen to the French in the previous August. I fear 'twas a case of any port in a storm.

Of the miseries of that retreat, of the constant rain beneath which we marched, of the hunger which tormented us by night and day, and of the impossibility of delaying our flight to obtain supplies, of the daily shrinkage of our numbers I will say no more.

(To be continued.)

During the course of a long life I have enjoyed many mercies, and sustained some calamities, and in most of the latter have been cheered by the sympathy of friends. This last was denied me during the wearing anguish of this deplorable time.

To my mess I was a foreigner, well-nigh a stranger, for I had seen little of my regiment during the campaign. Hence there was no common fund of association, service, or nationality whereon to draw. From day to day we grew more selfish, morose and unsocial, and were presently barely upon speaking terms; nor can I flatter myself that I bore the strain of misfortune better than the rest, and was fast degenerating into a surly brute, when God Almighty took pity upon me by forcing upon me a creature more wretched than myself.

RUSSIAN HOPES AND AIMS.

We find ourselves in an alliance which was only anticipated by very few. It is an alliance with a country which, not many years ago, was generally regarded as our natural enemy. This alliance has, however, in the working proved to be one of the most thorough-going and whole-hearted that history has known. Alliances are temporary unions of variously interested States against the pretensions or the fortune of a third party, and ordinarily the closer one examines the working of them the more one sees of jealousy and the less of co-operation. This alliance on the contrary—as will certainly be seen when its history can be written—becomes the more creditable and convincing the more one knows of its actual working; the further one goes into detail the better it bears examination. This would be quite impossible unless the time had been ripe for it, and

unless it rested on a community of national aspirations and interests that reached beyond the scope of the present war. It could not be what it is if it depended only on the will of the rulers, for the time being, of the two countries. It is what it is because in the broadest sense it is an alliance with the whole Russian people.

One of our chief preoccupations must be the safeguarding and strengthening of this alliance, just as the only hope of the enemy is that he may succeed in breaking it up. With regard to the Russian people England is not only very ignorant but also retains a number of the crudest misconceptions. The war is educating us with amazing rapidity; but we have ever so much lee-way to make up, and there is a certain time-limit. We have got to be on terms with our subject before the time comes for making peace. If we succeed in

this, the peace of Europe will be secured by an intelligent understanding in England of the primary interests and aspirations of Russia—for Russia already knows what it is essential that she should know about England. If, on the other hand, we are not in time, it is unlikely that any satisfactory peace will be made at all, for Germany will have plenty of opportunities of spoiling it at the birth. For this reason I think it is worth trying to say, as plainly and as shortly as I can, how I understand the attitude of the Russian people toward the war, and what in Russia is hoped or expected of it.

To start with—this war is national in Russia because it is a war against the German; I say, against the German, because the German is all over the interior of Russia, as well as on the western frontier, blocking the contact which Russia seeks with Western Europe. And we must not forget that this is the Prussian side of Germany, and that the actual frontier is the most Prussian part of Prussia; for East Prussia is the very nest of Junkertum, of militarism, of class aloofness, of racial domination. The only thing that is quite like it is the German domination in the Baltic provinces, which are a part of Russia itself. It is East Prussia that fixes the standard of things German for Russia. It is not the genial farmer or industrious trader of Baden or Westphalia; it is the very cream of Prussian swagger and brutality that sets the tone for the whole outlook of the Russian people on Germany as a State. Indeed, it is the complete triumph of Prussianness over Germanity that we have witnessed in the present war.

In England the German feels that he must behave as a guest. In Russia he runs rampant among a people whose large humanity is to him silly and contemptible. The Russian is much too gentle to cope with him, and he knows it. A current sketch shows a worthy

old official in a cocked hat trying to pull up by the hair a sort of man-octopus called "German bullying" that has a hundred tentacles deeply imbedded in Russian soil. It is a task that can only be attempted by the nation as a whole; it is a task of national emancipation. Why Germany, by provoking war, should have given Russia the present opportunity of emancipation is not easy to understand. The only possible explanation is that she was quite sure that the Russian Government would climb down, and not take up the challenge of her ultimatum. But the opportunity having been given, there is hardly a Russian who does not wish to see it utilized to the full—to the final removal of the "iron fist at home." This is why the mob wrecked the palatial German Embassy in Petrograd and hurled its bronze horses on to the square below, realizing that from this building had been started a strike propaganda among the Russian workmen in order to tie Russia's hands at the moment of the German challenge.

The German is well known to the Russian people; he meets them at every turn, and always as a kind of deputy master. He is the small trader, the petty official in charge, the understeward of the estate, the foreman or manager, the senior clerk, the head of the chancellery, the chief constable, the big capitalist, the Governor or Deputy-Governor, the Minister, or the powerful courtier. Field-Marshal Yermolov, on being asked by Nicholas I how his Sovereign could further show his approval of him, replied, "By making me a German, Sir." When the reactionaries were defending Stolypin's field courts-martial as a patriotic institution, the Labor leader Bulat read out the names of the presidents of these courts, who were nearly all German. At the beginning of the war, Purishkevich, a reactionary who is at any rate Russian and sincerely patriotic,

telegraphed from Poland, "Warsaw is occupied by the Germans," and giving a list of the chief Russian officials there, he showed that they were nearly all Germans. It has even happened during the war that the Germans on occupying Polish towns have re-installed as German officials, Germans who had served in the same towns as Russian officials. Incidentally the German administrator in Russia has often taken no pains to conceal his contempt of those whom he rules. Everywhere the German has stood between the State and the people, between Russia and herself.

Nowhere has this been clearer than in what is specially called "politics." The aim of the Germans in Russia was that Russia should never be allowed to find a voice of her own. As courtiers and as executors of orders they had a hold on the administration of the Empire which would necessarily be endangered by any national assembly. In Russia the cause of patriotism and the cause of national representation go hand in hand, and almost the only enemy of either is the German interloper. One of the chief protests against the institution of the Duma was written by a Baltic German (Herr Schwanebach) in German, and was sent by him to the German Emperor. According to the reactionaries of Russia, the one prop of autocracy in Europe is the Emperor William, and he is not likely to underdo the part. The same reason helps to explain why the Duma, though it has nine parties and has varied very much in composition, has nearly always succeeded in maintaining a certain solidarity.

In the long absence of representative institutions in Russia, the history of the country is more pre-eminently concerned with economic problems than elsewhere; and it was on the economic life of Russia that the Germans had their strongest grip. Latterly they were at all the best points of vantage,

and they were regarded even by the peasant as having bled Russia. The tariff treaty which they forced on Russia during the Japanese War was nothing short of economic bondage.

It was the Japanese war that gave the occasion for the creation of the Duma, in answer to a united protest of almost the whole population. In so far as the creation of the Duma indicated a revolution, it failed; as a step forward towards reform and a national policy it was most important. The creation of the Duma was in line with Russia's past. There had been national assemblies at the beginning of the Romanov period, before Peter the Great had set the example of administration by foreigners; and since 1865 there had been elective county and town councils, which had served as schools of responsible administration.

After its first failures, the Duma took up the patriotic ground of demanding a liquidation of the causes that had led to disaster in the Japanese War. Whatever its limitations the Duma was a voice, a tribune, and the speeches made in it had free circulation. The power of criticising the Budget, however restricted, was a very real one, and would have been valuable even if the Duma had been exclusively composed of ex-Ministers, ex-officials, and courtiers. With criticism of the Budget the way was inevitably opened to criticism of everything else. The Duma Committees had a right to demand information from the Government and explanations from Ministers or their representatives. That these were given to a body representative of the whole House behind closed doors added to their value, for this created a school both for Duma and for Ministers. Every Minister was interested in getting his credits through the House, and therefore in part dependent on political leaders who commanded votes. Further every Minister, in a Cabinet subject to internal

quarrels, desired personal success in the Duma. As a result there were all sorts of informal conferences between Ministers and leaders of parties, and of necessity much more account was taken of public opinion than before. Above all, the Duma greatly lessened the importance of the rival extremists—the reactionaries and the revolutionaries—who, before its establishment, had, by dint of shouting, held the stage and pretended that there was no one else in Russia. The Duma provided a club where the best men in the country got to know each other, and to learn how little they disagreed as soon as they had some practical question to settle. It gave the lie to the fashionable fiction of office-holders that the alternative to absolutism was a social revolution; it proved that the real Russia was moderate, reasonable, loyal, and capable of self-government. This became all the clearer when the best of the officials began to fuse with the Duma world, and the best of the Ministers set themselves to win its confidence.

But all this was not enough to launch a new period. It was either too little or too much. The question of the nation's participation in law-making was not decided—it was only in course of decision. And while the settlement of this main issue hung fire, the very existence of the Duma made the country more conscious of the great mass of legislative arrears which required to be dealt with. One first-class reform was indeed achieved, though more by the initiative of the Prime Minister, Mr. Stolypin, than by that of the Duma. Peasants were enabled to convert their communal holdings into farms of their own; and it is not too much to say that the creation of a propertied class of farmers was the beginning of a new and altogether more prosperous rural Russia. By the united efforts of the Government and Duma the army was made more efficient; an impulse was

also given to the development of facilities for public instruction, which were far behind the demands of the country.

But, with the position of the Duma itself unfixed, all sorts of major questions which ought almost to have settled themselves were treated as controversial and as involving conflicts of principle. As time went on, the opinion of the majority of the Duma on most of these questions became more or less clearly defined, but it could not express itself in legislation; even a unanimous Duma could not necessarily settle anything. And often the expression of public opinion only led to the opposite of what the public wanted. The anti-Duma section of Ministers fought the Duma on principle; but there was no "heroism of reaction," no hard and fast reactionary policy—it was no more than a flow of cross-currents.

Meanwhile the rudderless country drifted its own way, and its way of drifting was to grow beyond all recognition. In consequence of the rural reform establishing individual in place of communal property in land, both country and towns were enriched. For twenty years previously the development of the enormous resources of Russia had been rapid and wholesale, but the rate of development was now immensely increased. Nothing calls so loudly for efficient administration as the creation of propertied interests. Such interests, big and small, were being created on all sides, and the great influx of foreign capital made it all the more imperative that internal order should be established. In the confusion the country was at the mercy of anyone with enterprise. Strong in their training and equipment and in their ties with the authorities, the Germans made haste to secure all the strategic points of the new Russia. A great country cannot be governed like a farm, through household officials or chance advisers; and it cannot be left without any

direction at all. At the time when the Duma was created the leaders of trade and industry federated themselves into a General Council, and the deliberations of this Council, which were very practical, came to have more and more importance. Moscow, the home of obscurantism in trade policy, became cautiously progressive; Petrograd, Warsaw, and South Russia needed no conversion. But all this movement only increased the number of questions that clamored for settlement; and the first of them all was a national direction of the nation's economic policy.

Another profoundly national instinct demanded a quite new foreign policy. In his well-known book on the Far East, Prince Ukhtomsky practically says to the young Russian, "Forget about Europe and constitutions: go to Siberia and rule Asia." Mr. Stolypin in a talk with me, once complained that the young Russian did not wish to go and serve in Siberia. Prince Ukhtomsky said more: "The ideas for which I have stood are dead and buried." The hopes of the Russian nation took a quite different direction; it sought contact with Europe, and it interested itself before all things in the fortunes of its kinsmen and co-religionists of the Balkans. It is to Germany that Russians ascribe the impulse that sent Russia wandering afield to Manchuria and Corea, presumably because Germany herself wanted a free hand in the Balkans. It was the growth of the population and the enormous potential economic strength of Russia that frightened Germany, and made her hurry to secure her own anti-national settlement of Balkan conditions.

Meanwhile England was still obsessed with the belief that Russia threatened Constantinople and British communications with India. Yet Baron Marschall von Bieberstein was then doing what Russia had never attempted, and England was being asked to pro-

vide money for a Bagdad Railway which was to remain under German control. Russian writers and public men were more clear-headed than ourselves. They saw their ideal in the Balkans, their enemy in Germany, their friend in England. What they wanted to do was not to enslave the Balkans but to strengthen by Russian help and protection the smaller Slavonic nationalities in their struggle against economic, cultural, and political absorption by Germany and by her junior partner Austria. In framing this policy the Russians were following the direction of their national strength, for the population and economic forces of Russia have long been rapidly gravitating southwards. They even dreamed of the liberation of the Slavs of Austria, who amount to three-fifths of the population of that Empire. Finally the Russians hoped to close their long duel with the Turk by driving him from Europe, and to hold in Constantinople the capital of their Church and the natural outlet of their Empire to Western Europe.

All this policy rests on live facts, and is therefore simple and convincing. The policy is admirably expounded in a remarkable essay, "A Great Russia," by Professor Peter Struve, a very original thinker on political problems.* Other leading public men of Russia had come to the same conclusion. It was one of the ties that united nearly all the Duma men, Conservative or Liberal. It united them against Germany, and it united them in favor of England. This policy also demanded a more liberal settlement of the Polish question; for how could the other Slavs be convinced of the good intentions of Russia while there was this open sore within the Russian Empire? Thus the Poles joined with the Russians in the new Slavonic movement of Liberal Imperialism. But this again meant

*Printed in "Russian Thought," and translated in the "Russian Review."

enmity to Germany; for the natural outcome of the Liberal Imperialist policy would be the reunion of all Poland; whereas the friendship between reactionary Russia and reactionary Prussia had been grounded on the partition of Poland, and was maintained by the common policy that Poland should rise no more. There were a number of New Slavonic Congresses in Petrograd, in Sofia, in Prague, which Germany and Austria roughly interrupted by the annexation of Slavonic Bosnia and Herzegovina. Russia, then still suffering from the Japanese War, let the mailed fist decide; but war with Germany became inevitable.

These were the conditions that made natural and necessary in Russia a broad national understanding with England. At every point England came into the program. England was the model in constitutionalism; England was the alternative ally in the economic sphere; England was the friend of small States and the champion of national rights; England upheld the standard of Liberal Imperialism. All these things, and not least the by no means accidental similarity between the two Churches, had to be borne in mind by any Englishman working for the friendship of Russia. The friendship had to be between the two nations, and not merely between sections of them; and what two nations had a broader basis for such a friendship? In 1907 the two Governments signed an agreement as to Persia. In 1908 was founded the semi-official Russo-British Chamber of Commerce. In 1909 Great Britain gave strong support to Russian diplomacy in the Bosnian crisis. In the same year the leaders of six Russian parties were entertained in England; and in 1912 a number of representative Englishmen were given an historic welcome in Russia. Meanwhile there was a constant and deepening stream of communications of all kinds. Eng-

lish books on Russia began to reach a much higher level.

The wonderful outburst of enthusiasm at the beginning of the war was founded on all that had gone before. It could not have been otherwise. All the things that Russia most wished for were closely linked together, and here was the promise, as it seemed, of the simultaneous satisfaction of all these aspirations. No wonder this was for Russia a religious war; it was a war of thanksgiving, and the Russian people, humble and sincere, were ready for all sacrifices with such ends in sight. This deep satisfaction, this simple harmony of all that was herself, of all her dearest instincts, came like a wonder. It was the greatest thing which the war gave to Russia. It reincarnated, in the person of the reigning Emperor, the sovereign majesty of Russia, the idea of that traditional and intimate unity, seldom realized but always cherished, that bound the whole rich and varied world of Russia to the sovereign leader of the people.

The war of itself, by the simple force of facts, brought within reach of fulfilment all these hopes. The same enemy was the enemy of everything. At the bottom of Germany's attitude toward Russia lies a deep contradiction, the hopelessness of uniting the desire to hurt with the desire to exploit, the hopelessness of complete victory in war, and the equal hopelessness of a complete peaceful domination. These things were reflected by every phase of the war. They explain why crushing blows of artillery were almost immediately followed by suggestions of peace from the apparent victor. The fundamental fact has remained throughout stronger and more fateful than any of the phases of the war; and the fundamental fact is this, that by beginning the war Germany at one blow wrecked all her long work of internal domination in Russia, smashed all her own machinery,

and was left only with the hope of being able to pick up after the war the fragments of wreckage and turning them once more into an efficient instrument for the policy which she had so foolishly abandoned.

The haste and headiness of the German Emperor had spoiled Russia for Germany. How Professor Schiemann, who is his chief consultant on this subject, could have allowed such a crucial mistake will always remain unintelligible except that a German from Russia's Baltic provinces is not the best judge of the strength of Russia's spirit and the futility of attempting to bully her. Even throughout the war and in spite of all the military advantages gained, Germany's one effective instrument has continued to be what remains of her machinery for muddling up the internal affairs of Russia; her Myasoyedov with his spy organization; her bogus contractors who underbid the genuine offers of others; her delayers of supply and transit; her intimate letters suggesting peace. But nothing, not even the inefficiency of rivals, can make good the *débâcle* of German economic influence in Russia. The war has seen a growing campaign, still violent and excited, but with ever more steady and resolute purpose, against the revival of economic domination under any form or from any quarter. Individual Germans will creep back and make their own affairs. English and other economic enterprises, if not guided by non-English or questionable speculators, will find a great field. But there will remain a permanent warning to all against German conceptions and German methods, and there will rise a new and greater development of Russian industry and commerce, already marked signally enough in conservative Moscow by the collapse of commercial obscurantism and the triumph of an enlightened and progressive trade policy.

The war with Germany and the collapse of German influence in Russia at once showed themselves in a new vigorous initiative on the part of the Russian public and in the increased importance of its voice, the Duma. The first war session of the Duma was unique; loyalty and initiative were now one and the same thing; in fact, there could now be no true loyalty without initiative for the winning of the war. The expression of the Russian public in war-time is the civil Red Cross, and members of the Duma streamed into this organization, occupying very many of the most responsible places. Without this full co-operation of the public, which the Premier welcomed and invited, it would have been quite impossible to deal with the enormous number of wounded. The Zemstvo Union and the Union of Towns, always regarded as organs for the claim of the public to a further participation in public affairs, were now invited to work side by side with the Government, first in Red Cross work and later in the supply of munitions. At the front, by the force of facts, the line drawn between the military and the civil Red Cross disappeared of itself, and Red Cross and army came everywhere to be parts of one whole. There is now a vast system of official war committees of all kinds, on which the Duma members and other representatives of the public play a prominent part. It was impossible that all this should be without significance in a country where, before the war, the unanimous cry was for an extension of public initiative.

The crisis in army equipment and the enormous losses of brave men in Galicia and Poland brought a period of grave anxiety for the internal tranquillity of Russia. You cannot send cripples by thousands all over the country, with the inevitable story of unequipment, without deeply stirring the public mind.

The existing arrangements were proved to be quite inadequate; the rear had become as important as the front; and the full forces of the country were required to turn reverse into victory. The public asked that the Duma should be summoned and that the Ministry should be so reconstituted as to deserve its complete confidence. Then took place a political development which had long been anticipated, even in peaceful times, only on a larger scale than had been expected. The six central groups of the Duma, which would correspond to almost every opinion that counts in English politics, joined together in a new "Progressive Block." Outside the Block there remained hardly any considerable sections of opinion. The most striking feature was that, apart from the war needs, the Block was able to put forward a united program on all political questions of primary importance.

The issuing of this program proved to be a misfortune. The Duma was summoned, and some unsatisfactory Ministers were replaced. But the Premier, against whom the public movement was principally directed, was able to change the ground of the controversy. Clearly the time of the country could not be taken up with the settlement of so many first-class questions while the war had yet to be won. The Duma did not in fact press its program, and its protest was in essence an appeal for efficient war work. But the Premier who was himself on trial for inability to deal with this task, was able to appear as the champion of concentration of all energies on the war. The Duma was prorogued, and the next Ministerial changes took an opposite direction. This crisis was ended, however, by the appointment of a new Premier, by the re-summoning of the Duma, and by the impressive visit of the Emperor to that body, the first he had ever paid. There will be no more

talk of an extra-war program of legislation in time of war; the nation, through its representatives in the Duma, is at one with the Sovereign. There will be other ups and downs; but the very fact that the Ministers have been changed so frequently as to rob them of personal weight has added much to the importance and stability of the Duma.

The first economic demand of Russia is emancipation from German economic domination. The second is a full and free initiative within Russia for the development of her own economic resources. For this it is essential that official tutelage should in general give place to local effort. The Duma represents this principle, and the broadening and extension of the system of local government is one of the chief articles in the program of the Block. Already, during the war, the creation of an additional smaller unit of local government, the canton, which had been asked for since 1904, is conceded in principle by the new Premier as a pressing war need—if only to deal with the great mass of local business for refugees, regulation of agriculture, army supply and transport. The big business men who sit on the semi-official but elective Council of all the trades and industries of Russia have for many years been calling for an extension of public initiative in the field of commerce.

Russia has grown bigger and richer. Moscow is full of business and life. As already pointed out, the economic flow of Russian energy and population is southward towards the Balkans. The conquest of Eastern Galicia was the conquest of a long-lost Russian population, and it was the work of their close kinsmen, the Little Russians of the army of Kiev. No wonder the great Russian military success was here; no wonder the conquerors and conquered lived together in fraternity; and no

wonder, when heavy artillery upset for a time the course of history, a large number of the inhabitants came away with the retreating Russian army. Again the settlement of the destiny of Constantinople is one of the oldest aspirations of Russian history, but it is also a first need of the new economic Russia. When the Straits are open there will be a free sea road to free and industrial England.

On the other hand, Germany has done everything to organize Austria into a German-controlled economic unit for blocking the economic progress of Russia, and for advancing German domination over the Slavs of the Balkans. The question of the division of spoils of war has raised in Germany the cry for economic union between Germany and Austria. For Russia the legitimate direction of advance, economic and cultural, is the Balkans; and the maintenance of independent Slav States in the Balkans is the link of common interest and sentiment between Russia and England. Both countries are concerned to prevent after the war the systematic economic penetration of the Turkish Empire by Austria-Germany, and for both the independent Balkan States will be an economic as well as a military rampart.

A further question raised by this war, from its very beginning, is the continued existence of the Austrian State, of whose population three-fifths consist of Slavs crushed under German domination. While Austria was an independent State this question did not arise; it only arose when Austria became the humble instrument of Prussian ambitions. This question has to be answered before there can be any talk of having fought the war "to the end." The liberation of non-German peoples from German control is the only practical solution to the problem of destroying German militarism. The Austrian Slavs anticipated this solution

where possible by passing over in large bodies to the side of their liberators—an operation attended with great danger, but the only way open to them of putting on record their national aspirations. The answer of the Germans has been to reduce the Slavonic population of Germany and Austria by every means in their power. The Croats have been left to die of epidemics, untended, in concentration camps. The Poles are fed on half rations. The Serbians have been systematically wiped out. After Austria's invasion of Serbia, there can be no talk of re-establishing the old artificial frontier, which never had any racial significance. There can now be no Serbia but a Greater Serbia, beginning from Croatia, that is from the heart of the artificial empire of Austria. Austrian Germans, when interrogated at the front, freely express their desire to be quit of the Slavs and to join their brethren in Germany, which in the long run no one can prevent them from doing. What we must prevent is the continued existence of a Germany that controls all the forces and population of a mainly Slavonic Austria. It goes without saying that from Germany itself must be torn the Slavonic provinces of Poland which are necessary to the reconstitution of Polish unity, promised from the Russian throne and only defensible in the future under the ægis of the Russian Empire and army. To take from Prussia that which is not hers, to leave to Germany that which is German, to destroy the fictitious and Germanized unit of Austria—these are the aspirations of the Russian who wishes to see his Slavonic brothers independent from and guaranteed against German domination.

On every issue which I have mentioned it is in the nature of things that the English alliance in war should become an English alliance in peace. To start with, we shall be joint guarantors

of the peace which is to be made. But we are much more than that. English influence, which is of a very different kind and very differently exercised, is the wished-for substitute for German influence in Russia. England, without interference in the internal affairs of her ally and friend, will continue to be, as she has been in the past, a model for public effort, initiative, and progress in Russia, where she is as much the kinswoman of the truest conservative instincts as she is the pattern of the best Russian Liberalism. Germany did not understand Russia, and understands less than ever. She did not know Russia, but we are learning and we can understand her.

The gap left in the economic life of Russia by the withdrawal of so many Germans offers a unique opportunity to Englishmen. The pity is that we have made hardly any preparation for filling it, and that we are in danger of seeing an unregulated and confused crush of purely personal interests, directed by dubious middlemen and trampling their narrow path through this fine field of economic and political promise. The common economic interests of the Allies will continue after the war; and on the Russian side their importance has been so well appreciated that something in the nature of a standing Imperial Commission is being

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planned to deal with them. It is sincerely to be hoped that we, on our side, shall be no less far-sighted and no less alive to the issues involved. If we take it that the Germans are to be excluded for our personal profit and that we are free to do as they have done, only with less knowledge and efficiency, we shall make the crudest of mistakes.

The war has had other effects of a more general kind on Anglo-Russian relations. The spirit of England at her best has become a daily study of the keenest interest to our comrades in arms; we have, like our allies, been on trial, through our army, our navy, our war-factories, above all for our character; but though every one of our deficiencies necessarily affected our allies as well as ourselves, we have very greatly gained in the good opinion of Russians by the severe test through which we have passed. It is the whole-heartedness and the sincerity of our co-operation that have stood out above all faults of detail. Besides this, the personal association in war work of so many British officers with the Russian forces, and the presence of the admirably organized Anglo-Russian Hospital in Petrograd, have given Russia a real insight into our English character and methods, such as could hardly have been gained without this war.

Bernard Pares.

SHAKESPEARE'S ENGLAND.*

Like most good things, this book has been of slow growth and accumulation. Its conception and general plan are Sir Walter Raleigh's, and his is the rich introductory survey of its vast subject, "The Age of Elizabeth." His reward has been long in coming, but now here it is, and in full measure. The main

*"Shakespeare's England: An Account of the Life and Manners of His Age." Two volumes. Clarendon Press. 25s net.

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execution of that first plan has been the work of Sir Sidney Lee. Seven years ago he arranged for the writing of the several essays which the book contains. Many of the rare and admirable illustrations are of his choice, though as regards actual contribution only one animating essay, on "Bear-baiting, Bullbaiting, and Cockfighting," is from his pen; for these two volumes

resemble one of those coruscating theatrical performances reserved for unique occasions, in which stars of the first magnitude for the moment veil (and yet at the same time flatter) their brightness in the general constellation. In 1914 Sir Sidney Lee was obliged to abandon the hope of completing his work. Since then editor has succeeded editor. The war has called to other service. But complete achievement has been attained at last—an achievement which, irrespective of minor divisions, embodies forty-four complete treatises, treatises that have been contributed by no fewer than two score writers, each one of whom is a specialist and enthusiast in his own subject. These two volumes, indeed, are a vivid and various pageant of learning and research, a pageant of life rather than of literature, to which the Poet Laureate's beautiful Ode is like a preluding flourish of silver trumpets:

Man knoweth but as in a dream of his
own desire

The thing that is good for man, and
he dreameth well. . . .

It calls out of the passing darkness of one generation to remembrance of the splendor of another. It summons the reader to the contemplation of an era in English history unparalleled in boldness of thought and word and deed, yet at no moment of its headlong course more heroic, more pregnant with promise, than our own.

The one connecting purpose of this book, explains the anonymous author of its excellent preface, is "to describe the habits of the English people during Shakespeare's lifetime." "After all, how does one age differ from another? . . . It is the little things that change, and in their change serve as an index to the character of a man or of an age. Everything in one sense remains the same; everything in another sense is different." It is these almost imperceptible yet always significant changes

that mark not perhaps the positive progress, the full wide flood, but the eddying currents of human life. Our everyday customs and habits, the bed we lie on, the hour we rise, the clothes we dress ourselves in, the food we eat, the little social ceremonies of our own particular caste and class and family, the work we do, the games we play, the arts we dabble in, the books we read, the people we meet or hope to meet, the fleeting exhibition of their manners, amiability, and oddities, the ideas and facts and events we discuss, the crimes we do not commit, the penalties we happily escape, the house we live in, the places we visit and the means of reaching them, church and theatre, town and country—all this is the framework of our life on earth, whatever our station, powers, or ambitions. Regarding every aspect of it we remain infinitely curious, till age gradually dims our faculties and interest, and death removes us from the world of sense.

Yet if, very naturally, we desire to discover what in some past age were the conditions under which men and women like ourselves were born and lived and died, how difficult is the acquisition of the requisite knowledge. History is for the most part silent regarding it. Principalities and powers and peoples are its usual subject-matter; Everyman is too commonplace to be closely considered. His multitudinous little activities, which just so far differed from ours as to make them enormously interesting, are taken for granted. Yet who would not rather meet and have a few minutes' intimate talk with the peasant whose cakes were left to burn by Alfred, the young Philistine who scoured the armor of Goliath, or the aunt of one of Cleopatra's tiring maids than know by rote the names and dates of every king that in the stream of history ascended and descended from his throne? We are, everyone of us, egocentric at least to this extent, that

nothing so much enthrals and titilates us in the life of the past as what would be already more or less familiar to us if it were at any moment our lot to return through the centuries and to share in it.

This attempt, then, to retrieve a remote reality, not so much to re-animate and re-embody the ghost of another age as to restore its local habitation, is one of extraordinary interest. On such a scale, in such elaborate detail, by hands so many and so cautious and practised, it has never been made before, and it is an immensely valuable precedent. Such a matter-of-fact narrative of every age would be packed with interest and entertainment, and to plunge by this means into any remote existence is greatly to refresh what even for the most sprightly and methodical of us is at times the tedious present.

Every subject treated of in these volumes is in some degree of a personal interest. From the personal we proceed to the social, from the social to the national, and so to the universal. The daily newspaper of ordinary times would contribute its infinitesimal addition to each one of these chapters. "*Shakespeare's England*" is therefore a book, in the best of senses, for the general reader. Only an almost impossible self-confidence would accept it as measurable, or in any strict fashion comprehensible, by any single, by even the most omnivorous, critic. Tinker, tailor, soldier, sailor, rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief—an extremely well-spread net would be necessary to empanel the jury justified in sitting in judgment upon it, as a whole or in detail. Its essential virtue, indeed, can be circumvented only by an arduous effort of the imagination. Until its multiplicity of threads has been thus woven together the true fabric it describes will remain more or less patternless, and even then only a

creative breath of the spirit can stir its enormous tapestry into the verisimilitude of the life it portrays. Without such an endeavor, as Ascham said regarding contemporary Latin translations of Greek texts, it affords "but an evill impied wing to flie withall, or a hevie stompe leg of wood to go withall." It must be read through; and that is a stern edict, for there are nearly twelve hundred pages of it. But it can also be profitably browsed in piecemeal and attacked from a dozen different angles and diverse points of view. Not all its essays, of course, are equally exhaustive, vivifying, and attractive. Not all its writers have enjoyed so honeyed (and so excellently completed) a task as that which befell the late Mr. J. D. Rogers—"Voyages and Exploration: Geography: Maps"; or what may appear to many readers so arid a one as Mr. McKerrow's "Booksellers, Printers, and the Stationers' Trade." Not all its chapters are so animated and beguiling as Mr. Fortescue's on "Hunting," so lucid, learned, and delightful as Dr. Henry Bradley's on "*Shakespeare's English*," so full of charm as Mr. Barclay Squire's on "Music"—an enchanting piece of scholarship, with a happy "idea" of its own that might well have been otherwise taken advantage of—Mr. C. T. Onions' appended illustrative glossary of musical terms used by Shakespeare.

It is, too, the richest of its contributions that will leave many of its readers most eagerly asking for more. However full they may be, they are appetizers. They whet ignorance and curiosity and waft the mind off into speculations of its own. Mr. Percy Macquoid's treatise on "*The Home*," for instance, is crammed with excellent matter. We are most of us accustomed to think of the great Elizabethan houses as romantically stained and weather-worn, green-mantled and tranquil in the dream of

time, and of their furniture as black, glossy, and scarred with age, or pathetically faded and enfeebled. Mr. Macquoid destroys this pleasing fiction, and replaces it with a panorama of brightest color, variety, and magnificence. The oldest houses were once vulgarly new, the most decrepit Elizabethan joint still was built to sustain a Falstaff. The Elizabethans—live men all—loved luxury, finery, and display, made money and spent it. Superbly, wantonly attired, they set themselves down to enormous feats of eating, in rooms of garish coloring and gorgeous tapestries, to tables of brand new oak laden with magnificent plate and Venetian glass. A "solid hower" of entertainment can be extracted from the bachelor's account book of 1589 cited in this essay. It is deliciously conciliating in these hard times to learn that potatoes in that bachelor's spacious days were 2s. a pound, that sugar cost ten times that sum, and that tobacco was 5s. an ounce. (The fact that beef was $\frac{3}{4}$ d. a pound would have looked more delectable in German.) As St. Odoric gives us a beguiling picture of the Grand Cham progressing from summer to winter palace riding in his stupendous coach, with his stallions and elephants, and hawk on fist, and squadrons of horsemen scouring the country north, south, east, and west of him, so Mr. Macquoid indulges us with a vision of Queen Elizabeth removing from one Royal residence to another accompanied by hundreds of two-wheeled carts drawn by six horses and laden with trunks. Then, again, Elizabeth's state bathroom, wainscoted with looking-glass (so that ninety-nine excellent queens could be seen at one moment dipping and splashing), the big wooden tub in front of the fire for humbler folk, the home-made scented soap, the "teeth-brush" and blanch and powder, the candles, wax and tallow, the fabulous beds (that of the Countess of Salisbury at her ac-

couchement in 1612 was valued at £14,000), the forks, ovens, toothpicks, wages and prices—one simply cannot weary of reading about such mundane matters. But obviously no essay of less than thirty pages on such a miscellaneity as "Furniture: Food and Drink: Domestic Customs: Christenings, Weddings, Funerals," could do more than skirt the subject. We should like to hear more, for example, about Elizabethan children and servants, courtship and marriage, and the current views on that obsession of modern times—sex. Nothing would fully suffice a really lively inquirer but the full twenty-four hours' routine, at all four seasons, of a forked radish as commonplace, limited, and self-contained as himself.

Such desires are hopelessly extravagant; and even the dullest reader, by the aid of this book can at least, as a curious supernumerary, step on to the actual vast stage of the Elizabethan age, whereon life, beyond even Shakespeare's forthshowing, was indescribably spectacular and dramatic. The best that these writers can do, and intend to do, for us is, of course, objective in kind. We must devote ourselves at leisure to a subjective realization of their work. In that leisure we can steadily absorb Mrs. Ronald Bayne's essay on the thorny subject of Religion, Sir John Sandys' erudition on the copious subjects of Education and Scholarship. Mr. E. K. Chambers writes on the Court, Mr. Fortescue on the Soldier, Lord Dillon on Armor and Weapons. To Mr. Underhill has fallen Law (a chapter he succeeds in making to blossom like the rose), to Mr. Alban Doran Medicine, to Mr. Prothero Agriculture and Gardening, to Mr. Oswald Barron Heraldry, and to Sir Edward Maunde Thompson Handwriting. The engrossing and essentially Elizabethan topic of Folklore and Superstitions (including ghosts, fairies, witches, and devils) has been Mr. Little-

dale's good fortune, and Mr. Charles Whibley shares with us his joy in a full-flavored and succulent account of sixteenth-seventeenth century Rogues and Vagabonds—the complete “pevish, peltinge, and pickinge practyses” of “the rowsey, ragged, rabblement of rakehelles.” Sir Walter Raleigh's great Queen herself shines out of the printed page with no more peerless a lustre than does Mr. Whibley's Mary Frith, *alias* Moll Cutpurse, she-regent of rascaldom. It is curiously significant, again, that, while 150 pages barely suffice to explain and illustrate Elizabethan Sports and Pastimes, and a good fifty are expended on Sea and Land Travel, the Sciences (astronomy and astrology, alchemy, and natural—and unnatural—history) are polished off by their five specialists in rather more than seventy. Even now no mention has been made of the indispensable essays on the Playhouse, the Masque, on the Fine Arts, on Authors and Patrons, Ballads, and Broad-sides.

“Bare, and often trivial matter of fact,” the preface warns us, may occupy many of these pages. Yet there is nothing trivial but false or inadequate thinking makes it so; and the cumulative reward of poring over these two bountiful (and weighty) volumes resembles the peculiar fascination of scrutinizing a section of a beehive or anthill under glass, densely busy, preternaturally absorbed, exquisitely equipped—just, marvel of marvels and miracle of miracles, living life. What wonder that “everywhere England turned to poetry,” since rich and poor, wise and frivolous, as perhaps no age or people have so succeeded in doing before or since, were one and all storing up its nectar and pollen, so to speak, in the raw! Inmost garden of world-wide, infinitely explorable meadows was their England, from whence their merchants and

voyagers, their scholars and artists bore home astounding treasure. If Elizabeth, moving from splendor on to splendor in the midst of her statesmen, courtiers, and people, was virgin Queen of that monstrous human traffic and gaiety and pride, then Shakespeare was in unique fashion the veritable “spirit of the hive.” And as surely as this book is but a tincture, an essence, a fleeting *résumé* of the Elizabethan age, so his works are but a by-play of the supreme consciousness of a man who must have lived through his days at an intensity and with a fullness of apprehension and understanding, passion and sympathy, beyond the capacity of his most sedulous and penetrating student to retrieve.

But in what measure do the researches contained in these two volumes justify their collective title? In what sense are they “a corrective of the errors and fantasies of popular Shakespearean criticism”? Two things are clearly demonstrated, if such evidence is needed. The first indirectly; since, apart from Dr. Bradley's essay, which is concerned with Elizabethan pronunciation, orthography, grammar and the peculiar usage of words in the plays, it is beyond the immediate scope of this book—Shakespeare's supreme genius of expression. Again and again that magic, spontaneous, lovely music breaks in on the ear like the singing of sirens above the slow and gradual wash of the tide. Every fragment of quotation lights up these pages like glowworms in the dark verdure of nightfall, like starry metal in quartz. The other is that his knowledge, wide in range, of a peculiar essentiality and precision, and never flourished merely for its own didactic and precious sake, but invariably used in the service of his dramatic and poetic purpose, was derived hardly at all from books, almost entirely from his “experience of everyday life.” He was a reader by accident,

never in bondage, quotes Sir James Sandys from Warton. He was naturally learned, said Dryden. He was the contemplative creator, not the critic of life; the poet who day in, day out, squandered spirit and sense in desire, love, delight. Borrower he certainly was, but what an extortionate usury of interest he paid back. Even North's—Amyot's—Plutarch's Romans he "turns into Englishmen." Of the proper study of mankind as he lived into it and exulted in it, in all its vivid diversity, complexity, beauty, and strangeness, every apposite line of this book proves him the master, past comparison or computation. But concerning particular veins and strata and by-products of knowledge, the testimony of these witnesses, though in the aggregate overwhelmingly in his favor, is delightfully conflicting. In this matter we must, of course, allow for the ardor of the specialist regarding his own chosen subject; for the idolator, also, who has unconsciously tilted the scale in the poet's favor. Above all it must be remembered that, apart from the Sonnets—and these perhaps are not invariably thus exceptional—Shakespeare's sole communication with us is in the speech of his vividly independent characters. Clear and fresh as earth's water-springs it gushes out of their hearts and minds in a myriad tones and accents. He was all things in all men, with little discernible bias and with no carping partialities.

These allowances made, let the supreme question of Religion be first considered. Shakespeare's "technical use of religion," says Mr. Bayne, "seems on the whole less than we should expect." He was "not a Puritan, any more than he was a Papist." There follows this conclusion of the matter:—"His religion was the religion of a man who stood outside all parties of the day without despising any of them." We may or may not admire the sovereign

tolerance expressed by those last five words, but with them we must remind ourselves of the peculiar pathos and tender gravity that move in Shakespeare's every reference to the mysteries of Christianity, as in the passage quoted by Mr. Bayne from "Henry IV," when he speaks of

Those holy fields
Over whose acres walk'd those blessed
feet

Which fourteen hundred years ago were
nail'd

For our advantage to the bitter cross.

Turn to the Law, and Elizabethan law was as grossly, pitilessly vindictive as it was pedantic. The Baconian who *may* perhaps enjoy a precarious moment of rapture by mis-emphasizing two words in the last three lines of Sir Walter Raleigh's essay will here sup cold comfort. Shakespeare's "knowledge of law was neither profound nor accurate." But (a delicious "but" it is!), Mr. Underhill remarks, possibly its solemn absurdities, its quibbling prevarications, its formal futilities "tickled Shakespeare's sense of humor." When that sense of humor was thus tickled, we do not smile, we laugh out loud. Otherwise, says Mr. Underhill, Shakespeare accepted that law's abominable severities without criticism, a conclusion we can accept only as positively as we can accept Sir Walter Raleigh's—that in the matter of politics Shakespeare was on the side of the Government and of all but a very few of his fellow countrymen. As regards a less universal subject than these, Ships and Sailors, Mr. Carr Laughton pillories a few Shakespearean untechnicalities and decides that the poet had very little first-hand knowledge of Elizabethan seamen, though *The Tempest* "marks a great advance." The first count of this indictment is by no means fatal, the second we must leave to the expert. In general the verdict is that Shakespeare knew as much

about the sea as "we should expect him to know about it." The essay on Music bears witness that he was far in advance of his contemporaries; Mr. Onions' glossary, indeed, rings and echoes, threets and wails like a jargon of birds in the thickets of Eden. As to Medicine, Mr. Doran testifies to Shakespeare's skilful handling of mental disease, but once more points out many errors in the use of specific terms. The answer to that occurs in Mr. Knobel's treatise on Astrology—Sir Toby's and Aguecheek's—"All is in harmony with the character of the two knights." So the tale proceeds: on the one side is the joyous conviction—exuberantly exemplified by Mr. Fortescue in an amusing analysis of a passage in which Ben Jonson goes a-hunting and by his sincerest of all British compliments, that Ben's untutored rival was "among the best sportsmen of his century"—that Shakespeare "did not trouble about curious or recondite allusions," that his knowledge was not merely scholarly or literary, the ink-tainted product of midnight oil; on the other, sheer happy wonderment at "that faultless inspiration born of observation which no art can supply." The words are Sir William Thistleton Dyer's, and Dr. Bradley, in his turn, presses them home—Shakespeare was "one of the best modern writers of the time." Even in matters of grammar, as well as in matters of vocabulary, he "looked forward, not backward."

This book, then, as a whole, with its searching, microscopic scrutiny, its patient and laborious investigations, is an unparalleled tribute to that consummate genius in the year of Shakespeare's tercentenary. What other great Englishman of letters—unless, perhaps Chaucer or Samuel Johnson, in a far narrower sense—could for an instant endure so prodigious a compliment as "The age was worthy of the man,"

that neither could exhaust the other? Shakespeare's works, says Sir Walter Raleigh, are "the creed of England." This is not a piece of Elizabethan hyperbole, but a sober statement of fact. The ocean of human interest of our own illimitable time, as easily and buoyantly as the Atlantic cradled the *Golden Hind*, bears on its broad bosom the knowledge and science of the sixteenth century. Norden's delicate decorative map of London in 1593, with which Mr. Whately adorns his "Life of the Town," bowered in with country green clustering close to its rippled, shipridden *Thamys fluvius*, with its one many-storied bridge—that city "packed with humanity, rich in adventure, crime, and disorder," the capital of an England even then "merry only in cherished memory"—is, when compared with our gross, sprawling, besooted Babylon of bricks and mortar, precisely representative of the vast difference between the realm of Elizabeth and the Empire of King George. So, also, the wooden cockleshell Navy (its master-ship the *Ark Royal*, of 400 mariners, gunners, and soldiers, and 50 tons of ordnance) which stung and harried Philip's flocking Armada out of the English seas, is ancestor in line direct of Admiral Jellicoe's sombre and massive brood of ironclads which yesterday drove back the Kaiser's raddled ships into the hard-won safety of his Canal. Those hundreds of thousands of English freemen have multiplied into millions. That eager and impassioned age, magnificent in conception, of ceaseless enterprise, of unwearying travel and travail of soul and mind and body, is but in aggregate scale as a square yard to our acre—stupefying area though the latter may be for one poor halting imagination to realize and explore. It is true that the great figures of that distant day, Drake and Raleigh, Spenser and Bacon, "seem more than human"; it is true

that that is "an illusion of memory." Time's perspective dwarfs and finally obliterates the multitude, steadily aggrandizes the conspicuous, unforgettable few.

Our present illusion is of another kind. We cannot see the trees for the wood. If deeply interested at all in life, we must be, in some kind, specialists. We choose or are chosen by a more or less restricted and restrictive province. Our enormous environment, now suddenly made more clearly conceivable by the Great War, cheats and baffles comprehension. The average, private, intelligent man of today, if, maybe, he does not lead so garish, checkered, precarious and violent a personal life as did his Elizabethan prototype; if he does not spend his days positively sunning himself on death's doorstep; has a range and diversity of speculation far transcending the scope of the way-faring man's of the sixteenth century. Assuredly ours, any more than was Elizabeth's age, is not a time of sentimentality. Just as then the human consciousness spread itself abroad like a cedar in Libanus beneath an empyrean suddenly amplified by the discovery of the New Learning and the New World, so not only both these are still ours, but we have ourselves but lately made partial conquest of the literatures of Russia and of the East, of immeasurable tracts of science, have mastered the air and the underwater, are still infinitely curious, adventurous, and resourceful, and are as yet only beginning to lift to the skies again too sedulously bowed a head from the soil of Victorian materialism. For that very reason, because of this supreme prospect and its potentialities, any perfect and complete balance between the poetic and imaginative and the prosaic and scientific aspects of reality seems today hardly possible. Only the col-

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lective consciousness of man can contain the knowledge, can estimate the full actuality of our time. Centuries hence, the eyes of the yet unborn will discern and discriminate. These last three years will then appear like the incredible revivification of a single spring; romance will have veiled the tragic, though may Heaven grant that it shall not beautify the vile and the cruel. Out of the dust of death will spring a changeless peace and splendor of remembrance. The great figures living in our midst, no longer hidden by the general multitude, nor obscured by the fleeting mists of detraction and misunderstanding, will stand out in exalted isolation. The Spirit of the Age will in that yet distant day win the very reality of Mr. Bridges's transcendent vision:—

I saw the Angel of Earth from strife aloof

Mounting the heavenly stair with Time on high,

Growing ever younger in the brightening air

Of the everlasting dawn:

It was not terror in his eyes nor wonder,

That glance of the intimate exaltation Which lieth as Power under all Being, And broodeth in Thought above—

As a bird wingeth over the ocean, Whether indolently the heavy water sleepeth

Or is dash'd in a million waves, chafing or lightly laughing.

If ever, then, in the centuries to come, perhaps in the year of grace 2216, the remote literary heirs of the contributors to this great and generous book set themselves to the achievement—in some two score volumes—of what shall be a worthy parallel to it, they will have a bewilderingly broad, diversified, and copious field for their activities and research; but—where will they find another William Shakespeare?

THE KING-MAKERS.

CHAPTER III.

THE GIRL.

The kingdom of Zorne was such a recent thing that the modern palace, which faced the old citadel on the hill, was still unfinished. Men were daily at work upon the barracks in the north courtyard; and in the meantime, except when the King was actually in residence, the Lieutenant of the King's Guard occupied rooms above a small tobacco shop in the market square.

Under present conditions, his office was a sinecure, but Lieutenant Heldmann did not neglect it for that reason. Leaving duty at nine, he was accustomed to walk down the hill to his rooms with all his old regularity and dignity. The brilliant uniforms of the Guard were newer even than the kingdom, and had not yet lost their novelty for the citizens and the citizens' children. The citizens turned to look after the lieutenant, sometimes perhaps with mingled admiration and pride; and very frequently the children turned to follow him at a little distance until he had vanished up the tobaccoist's stairs. He walked with his head high and clanking spurs; his long mustache and imperial were gray, and his nose spoke strongly of command; and it was observed during this remarkable interregnum that his air had grown more formidable and his nod more curt. He was probably quite aware of the smiles of those who reflected that this gorgeously arrayed officer was guardian of an empty palace.

On this evening the lieutenant came a little late, after a day of much irritating reflection. He had dispensed no greetings on his journey, and passed so quickly to his stairs that he was gone almost before the tobaccoist was aware. But a hushed whisper checked him ere

he reached the landing: "Lieutenant!"

The martial figure paused. The tobaccoist came up three steps. He was small and bald, and he wore an apron. "There is a visitor for you—a foreigner, an Englishman." That was all.

"Thank you," said the lieutenant briefly, and with no trace of surprise; and then he continued his ascent.

The visitor was spread negligently upon the lieutenant's couch, smoking a cigarette. In the dusk his features were indistinct, but there was no mistaking his dress. The lieutenant closed the door, and stood in a questioning attitude. As a matter of fact he had not expected any such visitor; but there was no limit to the sight-seeing intrusions of the tourist class. Tonight he was inclined to make short work of them.

"Good evening, lieutenant," said the visitor easily. "I have waited half-an-hour for you."

The lieutenant started. That voice had a note that set all his pulses in disorder. After a moment he stepped forward to gaze into the boyish face that smiled into his. A man's voice and eyes cannot be transformed, and suddenly Lieutenant Heldmann dropped upon his knee, his cap in his hand.

"Your Majesty!" he gasped.

"Very neat, Heldmann," said the King heartlessly, "but quite unnecessary now. Do get up. Take a cigarette. Yes, smoke. I am not a King now, you know."

The lieutenant did rise, and tried awkwardly to cover his confusion. He did not smoke, but stood; and when the King pushed a chair towards him he simply rested his gloved right hand upon it.

The King sighed. "As you will," he said lazily. "Let me explain, then. I wanted to borrow a little money, Heldmann, to enable me to leave Zorne,

and there was no man in the city to whom I could safely go. But last night I saw you crossing the square, and found that you lived here. So tonight I have come to borrow all you have, promising to repay it as soon as I have passed the frontier."

The lieutenant, all through this explanation, stared mutely into the speaker's face. When the pause came he drew his wits together. "Then your Majesty has not—has not"—

"Run away?" laughed the King. "Not yet. But I'm going to. It's just this, Heldmann. Some rascals tried to kidnap me, and by an accident seized another man instead. So far, apparently, they have not discovered their mistake; and in the meantime I am getting away, after seeing the little play out to its present point. And it has been a very interesting play, though a little more rapid than I had expected."

Then he told the story, finding a certain bitter enjoyment in the astonishment of his listener. Certainly the poor lieutenant was a somewhat ludicrous figure as he struggled through his bewilderment to his tardy conclusions. Long before the end came a light had broken in upon him.

But Conrad did not allow him to speak his thoughts even when the tale was told. "Hush! that would be scandal," he said grimly. "Well, I should like to see his face when he discovers who his prisoner is—or, rather, isn't. I shall try to imagine it. It will add a new spice to the flavor of my freedom."

"Freedom?" echoed the lieutenant blankly; and a long pause followed the question. But then the older man had completed his survey of the position. "Then your Majesty escaped the plotters? And you are safe?"

"That is, so far," said the King.

"And it is not yet too late?"

"It is pretty late," was the cynical retort.

But the lieutenant's right hand tightened upon the rail of the chair, and his left crept to his sword-hilt. Who would have suspected him of an impractical heroism? Formerly he had been head of the old Raschadt gendarmerie, and had been as much amazed as delighted when the transforming influence of the new order of things had placed him in charge of the Palace Guard, with a new title and a brilliant uniform. Perhaps this change—which was, however, more apparent than real—had awakened in him a hitherto unsuspected ambition of a military character. And now—now he seemed to have been swung suddenly into a very whirlpool of events, to be caught up into an inner circle of State intrigue. Doubtless in that moment he saw himself high among the king-makers. But this was only stiffly and awkwardly expressed in his words and gestures, which made the listener smile in secret.

"No, it is not too late. I see light; I see a way! The man who managed the abduction—from your description—I am positive that it was Fenekener, the Inspector of Coast Lights; and Fenekener is the Premier's nephew!"

"The deuce he is!" said Conrad slowly.

"He is, though few people know it. He has control, of course, of the light-house on the Orphan, and the light-house-keepers; and I feel positive that the man he seized by mistake is a prisoner on the Orphan Rock. Why, there is no doubt about it! We must see him, if necessary release him, and bring him forward as a witness; and then the author of this accursed plot may look to himself! I shall be even a little sorry for him. Why, I will go to the Orphan myself—I and my son Bernard. My son, as your Majesty knows, is assistant editor of the *Gazette*."

Then Conrad sat upright. The loyalty and devotion in those stirring proposals did not strike him at the time.

He was only annoyed by their absurdity. "My dear man," he said, "are you crazy? I came here for help to get away, not for help to stay! As for the crown, I have—well, I have simply thrown it to the devil. And he is going to deal with it!"

The lieutenant's valorous excitement subsided. In the dusk his face subsided too.

"Heavens!" said the unkingly monarch, "why is it necessary to explain? They have broken my chains for me, and I am a prisoner no longer. I could not go out gracefully myself, but I can go now that I have been sent; and, in spite of being sent, I triumph, because the sender is amazingly deceived. Thus all the circumstances are favorable, and I go. Henceforward my life is my own. Besides, I tell you frankly I was very tired of it all. It was all very well to have the best intentions—you know I had them once; but there was—well, there was an invincible obstacle. Take my word for it, Heldmann, an invincible obstacle. So I simply retire from the stage—if you'll supply the funds!"

There was a long pause, while the lieutenant slowly realized the new situation. And then, of course, he began to plead, to reason, to argue, to entreat, bending his tongue to unaccustomed phrases, searching his mind for some new point that only proved as ineffective as the others. The King sometimes laughed, sometimes gave a keen, telling retort, sometimes snubbed the old man with a roughness that was inexcusable even under these trying circumstances; but through it all he remained fixed, and at last the pleader fell silent in exasperation and despair. The King was leaving Raschadt in the morning—that was certain, and no pleading could alter it. A youth's mingled obstinacy, resentment, mortification, and spirit of dare-devilment had built up a rampart which no ordi-

nary man could pass. And the lieutenant was quite ordinary. His silence was the acknowledgment of defeat.

"And now," said Conrad, with an air of great patience, "if you have finished, I will take the money and go. I have been pestered by one of Rubin's plaguy spies at the 'Silver Heart,' and he may be searching for me now. If he finds me here, lieutenant, you may be compromised. Let me get away quickly."

Then the lieutenant seemed to acknowledge his defeat, and submitted to the inevitable. His sign of submission was the removal of his sword, which he unbuckled and placed in a corner of the room. Then he turned to the window, drew down the blinds, and lighted the lamp that stood upon the sideboard.

"Your Majesty has heard me with much graciousness," he said simply. "I acknowledge that in my excess of feeling I did not give sufficient weight to the difficulties of your task during the past three years. Now I hasten to admit that I was wrong, and that your Majesty is entirely justified in the course you are taking."

"Now we're coming to the light," cried Conrad, greatly relieved. "I knew I should make you see it. Well, now, the money; there is no time to lose."

"Certainly not. I will serve your Majesty at once. I can let you have twenty crowns in gold, and my check for as much as three hundred more."

"That will do splendidly. Thank you, lieutenant. You are the only gentleman in Zorne. I hope that the new King may give you rapid promotion. When everything is settled I will tell him what you did to get me out of Zorne; and he should be even more grateful than I am!"

Lieutenant Heldmann sat down at his bureau and proceeded to unlock it. He did things slowly at all times, and

tonight he was slower than ever, because he lingered to ask questions.

"I am grateful to your Majesty. But may I ask your present plans? I shall be anxious."

"Do not let yourself be torn by anxiety. I shall be quite safe."

"There are, of course, amusements in plenty," said the lieutenant, as he took up his pen. "There is Paris."

"Quite so. There is always Paris."

"Or Monte Carlo, or Ostend. Or there is Africa and the big hunt, or America and the big heiress. Fortunately there are occupations many, and some of them interesting. And several kings are always following them."

It was impossible to think of irony in connection with Heldmann—absolutely impossible. As a matter of fact, the King did think of it at that moment, but one glance at that wooden face reassured him. The old man was only trying in a clumsy way to be interesting and helpful.

"Quite so," he said, concealing his impatience and suspicion very skilfully. "I will consider what to do. In the meantime, lieutenant, make out your check to Peter Robinson of London. That name will afford you some protection if trouble should follow; but I will leave you to weave your own story around it."

The lieutenant wrote a check, blotted it, and turned to his keys again. From an inner drawer he drew a small bag of gold, and as he loosened the strings he made another humble remark. It was so humble, so unpretentious, that no one could have supposed it important. "Obviously," he said, "Rubin has long been in the pay of the Central Empires. Discomfited in the great war, they must win their way by other means than force. Your removal and the substitution of Prince Max will be the scoring of a good point in their game. The other Governments will be very much annoyed."

"A plague on both their houses!" said Conrad promptly. "They must find some other pawn to play with."

"Certainly!" said the lieutenant with heartiness. "There is no reason why your Majesty should be victimized."

He turned the gold out upon his blotter, and began to count. Now, indeed, the ordeal seemed nearly over, and the King began to look almost pleasant; but when he had counted five pieces the old man came to another pause. Obviously he could not talk and count at the same moment.

"Nevertheless," he said, "some trouble should be taken to lay the facts before the world. Your Majesty's supporters must see that this is done, otherwise the wrong story will be accepted; and that would give pain to your Majesty's many friends, pleasure to your few enemies. I am reminded at this moment of two persons who might be interested."

"Indeed?" said Conrad impatiently.

"Yes, though it may seem absurd to mention them. Indeed, I only do it as an illustration. But I was thinking of the Margravine of Peden, in Thuramia, and her daughter, the little Countess Xenia. Your Majesty will recall, possibly, that they were present at your coronation, and had rooms at the Castle?"

Conrad rose on his elbow and stared. "What about them?" he asked abruptly.

"Very little, your Majesty, except as an illustration. But they were sitting on the terrace on the night of the fireworks display, and I chanced to be very near them. It was entirely dark, and they did not know of my presence, so they spoke clearly, the Margravine having a peculiarly strident voice."

"Rather!" said the King under his breath.

"She was, I regret to say, very uncomplimentary to your Majesty and to the prospects of Zorne. Evidently the little countess had spoken well of

you—a child's hero-worship, your Majesty—she was then only fourteen—and her mother took occasion to correct her views. The experiment, she declared, would end in disaster. You were, she said, too young to be wise, and it was well known that the men of your family lacked certain essentials—stability, patience, persistence, sense of responsibility.”

“Absurd old woman!” said Conrad. “You should have arrested her for high treason, lieutenant. But go on. What else did she say?”

“Little else, your Majesty, fortunately. But the little countess protested with quite an amusing earnestness and I stayed long enough to note her opinion. May I repeat her words?”

“As an antidote, I hope. That morning I had met her in the park, quite by accident, and had taken a long walk with her. So, of course, she knew all about me! What did she know, lieutenant?”

“I can only tell what she said,” answered the lieutenant, without a smile. “She said she felt sure that you were different from the other men of your family, and that you would prove to be a King of surpassing excellence. She used the word ‘hero,’ your Majesty,—actually she did. And she declared this—that you would be good to your people, loyal to your friends, and terrible but kind to your enemies. A large program, your Majesty!”

“Large indeed!” said the King. “Good heavens!”

Then there was silence for the space of several minutes. The lieutenant counted his money twice, and then brought it over to the couch. He gave it to the King, and returned to bring the check. Conrad concealed the gifts with some care, and then prepared to leave; but seemingly his impatience had now evaporated, and he was considering. It was in a very casual way that he showed the course of his thoughts.

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(To be continued.)

“You know my plans, Heldmann,” he said, “and I am glad that they merit your approval. But at the beginning of our interview you would have urged me to take some other course. What course were you going to suggest?”

The lieutenant did not seem surprised; he scarcely seemed interested. Surely, he had learned discretion this evening! “Oh, your Majesty, it is not for me to suggest a course! I wished rather to deprecate haste and to suggest delay, even if delay should mean a little risk. And it seemed to me”——

“Yes,” said the King with a yawn.

“I was about to ask you to remain in the capital another day—no more.”

“But for what purpose?” cried Conrad. “Man, if everything could be made smooth at this moment I would not wish to stay. Can you not understand that I am sick to the heart? You cannot change my purpose now.”

Heldmann did not answer. He stood still, humbly and woodenly receptive, patient, waiting.

For a moment Conrad fumed and bubbled with impatience; but suddenly that meek, wooden aspect seemed to strike him, seemed to appeal to him. He laughed. “Bah!” he said; “you are dreaming, Heldmann. But you have earned the right to make a request, and I will agree to it. I will remain at the ‘Silver Heart’ for another twenty-four hours—if Rubin permits! Will that do?”

The lieutenant bowed. His face certainly gave no indication of his feelings, for he had schooled it well during the last half-hour. But ten minutes later, when he had seen Conrad off the premises without mishap the first thing he did on returning to his room was to wipe the beads of sweat from his high, bare brows. “I am too old for this work,” he muttered wearily. “And yet there is more to be done. Twenty-four hours!”

W. E. Cule.

SALONIKA.

BY RENE PINON, Foreign Editor of *La Revue des Deux Mondes*.

Across the plains of Hungary the Danube flows slowly towards the south. To look at the map one might suppose that it was going to become the great line of communication between Central Europe and the Mediterranean. But at its junction with the Save it strikes the mountains of the Balkan Peninsula, which bar the road, and Belgrade from the heights of its citadel beholds the river sweeping aside in a majestic curve and vanishing towards the east. Its resolution is taken; the Balkan mass flings it towards Roumania; it passes through the Iron Gates and travels to its ending in the closed basin of the Black Sea. It is not the outlet of Central Europe towards the open sea.

But if you follow the direction of the Danube's course from north to south you will find a little to the east of Belgrade the mouth of the Serbian Morava, which appropriates a natural depression of the soil and continues its way towards the Mediterranean, always along a north-to-south route, by means of the Vardar. A neck of land easy to climb between Vrania and Kumanovo gives you passage from one basin to the other. The Morava and the Vardar cut the Balkan Peninsula in two: on the west lies Pindus and its subordinate hills, on the east the Balkans and Rhodope. The Morava and the Vardar open the single, natural road which leads from the Danubian plains to the Mediterranean—the historic route, which in all ages has been followed by armies and by traders. It is the most direct way and the shortest from Hamburg, Berlin, Vienna, and Budapest to the Suez Canal. The starting-point of the road is Belgrade. The point at which it abuts on the Mediterranean was naturally bound

to be a great port and a great city: this is Salonika.

Half-way between the Danube and the Aegean Sea, where a second natural road runs across from the Adriatic to Sofia, stretches the plain of Uskub. More to the north, at Nisch, an artificial road drawn across the mountains branches off and leads to Constantinople by Sofia and Philippopolis.

It is unnecessary to say more to explain the importance of Salonika. He who holds the issue of the road holds the road, and the holder of the road holds the Balkan Peninsula. That is why since the eighteenth century the policy of Vienna has had Salonika for its objective, as the policy of Russia has had Constantinople. So long as the Germans are not at Salonika, the Balkan question is unsettled.

When the French and English decided to send troops to Salonika their purpose was to assist the Serbian Army, to help it to repulse the invaders; at any rate to ensure its retreat. Unfortunately, for reasons which there is no space to specify, they did not arrive in sufficient time or numbers. Still, even with the few troops which they had, they could have advanced and assisted the Serbs if the Greeks, who had invited them and were allies of the Serbs, had not abandoned them. But the King of Greece had promised his Imperial brother-in-law that under no circumstances would he oppose the Germans. This attitude moreover corresponded with the wishes of the Hellenic General Staff, in whom the German Army inspired a respect akin to fear. So the King dismissed M. Venizelos on the very day when the Allies began to disembark at Salonika, and the new Government declared that Greece would remain neutral towards

and in spite of everything. The Allies might even ask themselves whether, if they should advance towards the north, their communications with Salonika would not be threatened. Hence the march forward of the Allies was paralyzed.

When the French were able to advance as far as the defiles of Katchanik, the Serbians had lost already Uskub and found themselves cut off from the Allies who were coming to their aid. They were obliged to execute a painful and costly retreat across the mountains of Albania, where they lost half their army. This misfortune would not have happened if the Allies had been able to advance at a suitable time and with sufficient forces as far as the plain of Uskub. The Serbians, even though beaten in the first encounters, would have rallied round the Allied contingents and could have recovered victory. In any case they would have been able to effect their retreat easily to Uskub and Salonika.

The first object, then, of the Salonika expedition was not attained. Was it right at that moment to give up the game and leave Salonika? This opinion has been held, especially in England, but facts have amply proved that the partisans of this solution were mistaken.

Salonika is a formidable position on the enemy's flank. So long as the Allies occupy Salonika in force, the long line of German communications with Constantinople and the East is menaced on the flank. No considerable enterprise in Asia is possible for the German-Ottomans while an Allied force, established at Salonika, hinders their movements. If Egypt has not been attacked, it is firstly and above all attributable to the presence at Salonika of an Anglo-French army. The point at which the Suez Canal could be and has been protected is Salonika.

While the Allies held Salonika, they showed by so doing that they did not

consider the Balkan question solved and that the military and political hegemony which the Germans had established there was only precarious and provisional. There had been at first a false start; they must start again. The Allies remained masters of the moment when they should judge it expedient to give the signal for a second start. If we had abandoned Salonika, King Constantine would have been free to follow the inclination which pushes him towards his Imperial brother-in-law, and the Greek people, convinced of our weakness, would have followed him with joy along the road which leads to the glorification of force. The hesitation of Roumania would have probably ended: she would have thought that the Entente had lost the game in the Balkans, and would have remained definitely neutral, unless indeed she too had turned in the direction of force. All over the East, Anglo-French prestige, already compromised by the check at the Dardanelles, would have been lost.

The Allies have therefore decided to remain at Salonika, where their position was so well chosen that their enemies have not dared to attack them. Germans and Bulgarians had boasted that they would fling them into the sea, but it is they who have been unable to sally out from their mountains. Discord arose between them. They all wished to take Salonika, but each preferred that the adventure should be undertaken by his neighbor. An attempt was made to persuade the Turks that this glorious task devolved on them, but they urged as an excuse for refusing that they had enough to do at home with the Russians, who were taking Erzerum. The Bulgarians would have liked very well to attack Salonika, but only on condition of receiving German, Austrian, and Turkish assistance, and also on condition of retaining Salonika as the price of their co-opera-

tion. As for the Germans, they had no objection to Salonika being taken by the Bulgarians and Turks, but, for their part, they had no troops to send them. They were obliged to bring themselves to this painful admission. The mere fact of not having attacked Salonika constitutes in itself for them a serious check, not without considerable reverberations in the East. At once King Constantine asked himself anxiously whether he was making a mistake in calculations founded on a German victory, and Roumania recovered confidence in the strength and future success of the Allies.

It was necessary then to remain at Salonika. But the fortunate results of the decision of the Allies to remain there and to make themselves impregnable there have already been achieved. Other advantages must be sought: success is acquired by initiative and movement. A new period is opening in the East: it must spell victory for the Allies.

The Germans hope to realize their ambition of universal domination by hegemony in the Balkans and by a protectorate over Turkey. The spinal cord from Hamburg to Bagdad will
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be the axis of their power. From that line they will threaten Egypt and India, close the Straits to Russia, and establish themselves as masters in the Eastern Mediterranean. To ward off this peril, which threatens all the Powers, it is necessary and sufficient to cut at any point the spinal cord. No operation will be possible against Egypt or India or Persia, once we shall have obtained this result. It is, then, a necessity to put the Anglo-French-Serbian Army at Salonika in a position to take the offensive as soon as the Commander shall judge the moment opportune. The more numerous and the more solid this army, the more it will wield attractive power on the neutrals. Movement and success—not words—will decide the Roumanians to realize by force of arms their national ideal in alliance with us. And who knows whether the Greeks themselves, when we are engaged in a decisive struggle against their Bulgar enemies, will not decide to refuse to let us labor for them without them? It is somewhere in the fields of Macedonia or in Thrace that the Serbs will find revenge for their defeat in 1915, and that the German hopes of domination in the Balkans and over the world will crumble away.

THE FUTURE OF THE PHILIPPINES.

When Admiral Dewey, in 1898, heard that the Government of the United States had promised independence to Cuba, while it was preparing to assume complete sovereignty over the Philippine Archipelago, he was so disturbed that he cabled to America an announcement of his conviction that the Filipinos were superior to the Cubans in intelligence and more capable of self-government. President McKinley and his colleagues, of course, did not listen. Cuba in due time was freed, and meanwhile the United States found itself engaged in a costly, ob-

stinate, and most distressing struggle with the islanders, who, under Aguinaldo, had at the outset welcomed the Americans as their deliverers from an ancient tyranny.

Few modern stories of imperialist adventure are less inspiring than this. The Filipinos, naturally, had no wish to exchange the dominion of Spain, which they had good hopes of casting off, for that of a younger and infinitely greater Power, and their repugnance was not lessened by American assurances of high moral purpose. The change of sovereignty was proclaimed

in a celebrated document which affirmed that the mission of the United States was "benevolent assimilation," to be accomplished by "substituting the mild sway of justice and right for arbitrary rule." To that end it was necessary that the strong arm of authority should be maintained—a phrase bearing an ominous sound which the educated members of every subject race in the world have learned to recognize. The Filipinos accordingly resisted, and there followed several years of anarchy and bloodshed. The United States at one time had nearly 100,000 men in the islands, and it was not until 1907, when the Philippine Assembly was created, that the work of pacification was reasonably complete. Mr. Taft, who had been Governor of the Philippines for three years, was sent out again by Mr. Roosevelt to perform the opening ceremony. His inaugural address contained the customary allusions to systematic preparation for autonomy, but it carefully avoided anything that might imply a promise as to how near or distant the day of liberation might be.

During the past few months the Wilson Government and both Houses of Congress have been closely engaged with the problem. The President is for the grant of full independence within a specified term of years; the Senate was found to be equally divided; the House of Representatives has stopped, for the time being, all talk of withdrawal. But it is impossible to believe that the question can be shelved; and since, with the conclusion of the war, the future of every territory in the world which is still open to discussion will be canvassed, we may assume that this important problem of the Pacific will receive a good deal more attention than has fallen to it during recent years.

The proposal of freedom for the Philippines has been more or less prominent in the program of the Demo-

cratic Party, ever since the close of the Spanish War. Mr. Bryan made Imperialism the decisive issue in 1900. The new oversea possessions of the United States had a plank in the platform of that year. It was there, though in milder form, during the elections of 1904 and 1908, and was of course turned down with the rest of the Democratic program. So far as Mr. Wilson's victory in 1912 was concerned with other than home affairs, it may be said to have implied a dubious approval of a change in the Philippines. At the beginning of this year the question was before the Senate at Washington in the shape of a measure named after its sponsor, Senator Hitchcock, of Nebraska, chairman of the Senate Committee on the Philippines. So far, however, from being a charter of independence, the Hitchcock Bill did no more than provide for a broadened scheme of self-government, with a greatly enlarged electorate, American suzerainty being indefinitely continued. Mr. Wilson's opponents attacked it fiercely, as a piece of dishonest politics, designed to check the growing agitation of the Filipinos by means of "an elastic and elusive promise of independence." The situation was changed altogether in February when, by the casting-vote of Vice-President Marshall, the Senate adopted an elaborate and very drastic amendment which, having previously received the approval of President Wilson, was submitted by Senator Clarke, of Arkansas.

The Clarke amendment provided for the grant of complete independence to the Philippines within a period of not less than two years or more than four years after the passing of the Act; with a stipulation that if the President should deem it advisable, on account of the internal condition of the islands, he might defer for another year the withdrawal of American authority. That is to say, "transfer of possession, sov-

ereignty and governmental control" was to become absolute in 1920, or at latest 1921, the United States therewith relinquishing all responsibility, not only for the control of the Philippines, but for the maintenance of the independence thus acknowledged. So far the President and the Senate. There remained, however, the House of Representatives, which, at the beginning of May, threw out the bill, as modified by the Clarke amendment, by 203 votes to 154, thirty Democrats voting in the majority against their party. Having in this emphatic manner disposed of a measure which embodied the official policy of the Administration, the House substituted, practically without debate, the alternative known as the Jones Bill. This, like the original Hitchcock Bill, provides for an extended plan of self-government, and carries a preamble which declares it to be the intention of the United States ultimately to grant independence, although no hint is given as to the time when the Filipinos may consider themselves to be nearing the fulfilment of their aspirations.

Now in this situation there is, of course, nothing that is in the least strange to English people—except, perhaps, the shortness of the term which, at least to one party in America, seems sufficient for the period of tutelage. We on this side know every possible turn of the argument for and against the grant of responsible government to dependencies, and it is not many years since Lord Cromer, in his annual administration reports, was accustomed to discuss the far-off attainment of autonomy by Egypt in language not very different from that applied by Mr. Taft to the Philippines. It is probably true that, while there is next to nothing left in America of the imperialist enthusiasm, which made the Spanish war, the great majority of the politically conscious community is con-

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vinced that the United States cannot at present begin to prepare for withdrawal, and further, that withdrawal without an adequate guarantee, either single or international, of Philippine independence would be unthinkable. In the present state of the world there could not be the smallest hope that the Archipelago would be left alone under its native rulers. It would inevitably fall to Japan, even if the representative Japanese who insist that they do not want it are seeking the mind of their Government. The Philippines in the hands of the United States are no menace to Japan but it would obviously be a different matter if they were to be acquired by Germany. The fact, however, should not be overlooked that "the Philippines for the Filipinos" is a cry that is echoed in America by an influential, if small, party. Mr. Morgan Shuster, for example, once a member of the Philippine Commission, has lately been making public his view that the Filipinos are fully ready for freedom and ought to have it immediately. Meanwhile, under Governor Harrison the islands appear to be admirably administered and with a larger measure of genuine liberality and encouragement than they have hitherto known. Mr. Harrison, at all events, if we may accept Mr. Shuster's testimony, has no fear of Filipino initiative and advancement, and as a consequence the Nationalist movement today contains perhaps fewer elements of peril to the Administration than at any time since the conquest. But Nationalisms are not killed by kindness; and there can be little doubt that wisdom and safety demand that the United States should not be content with the Jones Bill, but should confront the future with a candid announcement of its intentions and hopes in regard to government by the Filipinos.

OUR WAR-WEDDING PRESENT.

My wife's niece, Adeline, has been engaged for nearly a year, but, her soldier-fiancé being away at the Front ever since, their marriage seemed so remote that we had never given a thought to the problem of what we were to give them as a wedding present. Last week we heard that he was coming over almost immediately for a fortnight, and that they were to be married the day after his arrival. This was rather short notice, but fortunately, as we then thought, we discovered in our Stores catalogue an illustration of a "Food-warmer for Table Use. Hammered copper top. One lamp. Price 26s. 6d.," which we decided was as suitable an offering for a young couple as we could reasonably afford in these times. It might, to be sure, be a long while before they would be able to enjoy the benefit of it; but then any gift for their joint use was open to that objection.

As, according to my wife, it was not very much out of my way to Whitehall, I was deputed to go to the Stores myself, purchase the food-warmer and order it to be forwarded to the Rectory at once, with one of our cards, on which she had written, "With fondest love and best wishes."

Considering that I had faithfully executed both this commission and another with which I had been entrusted, I own I found it a little hard to be received by her, on my return home that evening, with the complaint that I really was the most hopeless person to ask to do anything. It appeared that the food-warmer had just been delivered at our own house, and without the card of good wishes that should have accompanied it.

"My dear Julia," I said, "I did all I could. I gave them Adeline's address at the Rectory as plainly as possible.

But, after all, you've only to send the food-warmer on to her."

"And pay the carriage myself!" she said. "But that's not all, Peter. You forgot about ordering those things on the list I gave you. I thought that, as there was such a lot of them, there might be mistakes if I ordered them on the telephone. But even *that* would have been better than not getting them at all."

"There again," I remonstrated, "you are too hasty, Julia. I did *not* forget anything. I was rather in a hurry to get to the office, so I handed your list to the assistant in charge of the food-warmers, and he promised to see that it was attended to."

"I am sure you must have made *some* muddle," she insisted, "because they've sent the food-warmer to *us*—even *you* can't deny *that*, Peter. And I shouldn't be in the least surprised if all those articles I wanted for the home have gone to that poor girl, with our card of best wishes!"

I pointed out that such a double mistake was highly improbable, though the Stores were no doubt short-handed owing to the War—which was enough to account for any slight delay.

However, on the following evening the last post brought a letter for Julia, which, after reading, she passed on to me in significant silence. It was from Adeline, and as follows:

"Dearest Aunt Julia,—How perfectly ripping of you and Uncle Peter to send us such loads of things, and all of them *exactly* what I was longing for! I simply adore the ducky little white rug, with 'Bath Mat' on it in heavenly blue letters; and so will dear Jack when he is here to see it. And I know he will love, as I do, that most ingenious mouse-trap and insist on taking it back with him to his dug-out, where

the rats have been such a nuisance to him, poor darling. I daresay he sometimes has time for afternoon tea in the trenches, and then the charming 'anti-incrustator' for collecting 'fur' in kettles will be a real boon and blessing. So, when he is in billets away from the firing-line, will be the pretty little packets of bath-mustard. It was too dear and clever of you to have thought of all that. The dainty kitchen shovel, the egg-whisk and artistic scullery tidy have set me longing for the day when I shall have a kitchen of my own to do honor to them. As for your *other* delightful gifts—the tins of powder-monkey and Harebell polish, the bars of household soap, the box of soup squares, the divine jar of pickled walnuts, those sweet little blacklead cubes, the bag of tapioca-flakes, and, above all, that fascinating bottle of horse-radish cream, they are all set out on one of the shelves in my den, and every now and then I absolutely *have* to rush upstairs to gloat Punch.

over them. Altogether, I really can't find words to express my gratitude to you and dear Uncle Peter. If only our *other* wedding presents were as refreshingly original and unconventional as yours are! *Would* you believe it? We have already been given no fewer than *four* food-warmers. All of them in hammered coppers, too!"

"Well," I said, as I finished the letter, "*Adeline* seems satisfied, anyhow" (though I couldn't help thinking she had laid it on just a trifle thick). "*So that's* all right. And all those years we've been married we've never had a food-warmer. Now we can keep this one, and I shall no longer come down to breakfast and find my eggs-and-bacon stone-cold."

"I'm afraid," said Julia grimly, "you will continue to find them so, Peter, because I sent that food-warmer off to *Adeline* this afternoon."

We have not heard again from *Adeline* as yet.

F. A.

THE NATIONAL AWAKENING.

When the events of the early days of the South African war made men reflect upon the consequences of a conflict with a strong European Power, the nation was partly awakened from its sleep in the Garden of Ease. There were demands for the reorganization of our forces for peace and war, and an incipient feeling prevailed that the plan of depending upon rule-of-thumb methods and knowledge acquired from endless mistakes—many of them painful—was not completely satisfactory. Over-prosperity was responsible for the lethargy into which we had fallen, and we began to learn in the school of adversity that modern struggles require strenuous preparation for success. With the end of the war, however, the stimulus subsided, and the nation again closed its eyes to the marvelous prog-

ress which other countries were making.

We have now been at war for two years with the chief of these countries; and the consequent dislocation of trade and commerce has forced attention upon the ramifications of its influence throughout our Empire. It is realized now more than ever before that the development of our natural resources, and the profitable employment of our discoveries, have been left largely to the initiative of an alien people, and that there must be an Imperial Renaissance if we are to be independent of such enterprise in the future. We entered into the war in defense of international right against an aggressive military Power: we have to see that, when success has been achieved by our arms, the nation is fully prepared for the economic struggle to follow.

The recent activities of many national interests show that the need for a new Imperial policy is widely understood. Political parties have united to present an undivided front to the enemy; and whatever opposition exists to them has for its object the effective prosecution of the war and the promotion of industrial progress afterwards. We hope that the electorate will never again be deluded by the platitudes of the party politician of the pre-war era, and that the line of cleavage will be between obscurantism and progressive development. Commerce, industry, and education have ranged themselves with science to fight inactivity and inefficiency. Educational associations are endeavoring to produce reformed curricula and connecting links between school and university; trade associations and chambers of commerce are asking for the creation of departments of State which will promote the development of industry and research and co-ordinate their efforts; engineers, chemical manufacturers, and other productive bodies have organized themselves for the advancement of their particular interests; and scientific societies have formed a joint committee to deal with matters of national importance. All these bodies are separate organizations, though their aims are the same. It is obviously desirable that, while retaining their individual characteristics, they should, to give them political strength, come together in a single body like the British Science Guild, which represents the interests of education, commerce, and industry, as well as of science.

Without a unifying policy there is little possibility that a sufficient body of opinion will be created to carry into effect the reforms which are being advocated. A series of articles on "The Elements of Reconstruction," which began in the *Times* of July 17, traces the outlines of an economic principle by which "those who are attacking

the problem of the industrial reorganization of the Empire and those who are working for educational reconstruction" may be made to join hands. The State has already assumed full powers of reorganization towards the scientific foundations of industries concerned with the provision of munitions of war: it should be induced to carry on the same policy after the war, and thus enable the nation to meet the competition of advancing rivals. In business the dominating influence is individual interest, and it will not be necessary to urge the advantages of education and science when the community as a whole really believes that they can be made creators of wealth. These agents must be brought into close connection with economic life if they are to have a decisive voice in national affairs. This does not mean that teachers and men of science should necessarily seek seats in Parliament, but they should associate themselves with any organization which endeavors to secure supporters for measures designed to increase national efficiency by means of educational and scientific work.

The action of the State when it comes in contact with business must be determined by economic values and represent the action of the community as a whole in the conduct of modern business. The only way in which the community can advance as a whole is by an increase of the total production or an improvement in the quality of what can be distributed. To secure either of these things knowledge must be kept progressive; and, if wisdom is to control the State, provision must be made for its development to the utmost. It is only by the introduction of these principles into the field of practical politics that the resources of the Empire can be fully developed, and we shall be able to hold our own against the competition of other countries, or maintain that supremacy which was obtained

under entirely different conditions by rule-of-thumb methods and speculation.

Mr. Henderson, the President of the Board of Education, referred to the changing conditions, and the need for reform, in his speech in presenting the Education Estimates to the House of Commons on July 18. In the course of his remarks he said:

The war is assisting in the creation of a greater body of public opinion in favor of a more liberal expenditure on education; and the essential importance of a comprehensive and efficient system of education on the progressive development of national life and the solidifying of the Empire is going to be more universally recognized. This principle must be encouraged and fostered, and on no account should the nation, in consequence of its expenditure on the war, be detained from bringing it into action.

The Government has decided to appoint committees to reorganize our whole system of education, and one of these committees will be concerned with the position of science. British educational endeavor has too often proved unproductive because of its haphazard character and its control by men out of touch with modern needs. A classical Nature.

education at one of the fashionable public schools, followed by something very similar at an ancient university, accompanied probably by the pursuit of some branch of athletics and almost certainly by a continuous neglect of all branches of science, is the typical training of our statesmen and administrators. It is impossible for these men to know what scientific teaching means to the nation, or to understand the real difference between it and purely literary studies. Book-learning may be ornamental to the individual, but it is not of much practical value to a progressive community and is a danger when it prevents attention to scientific things. None of us wish the training of character to be disregarded in education, nor do we desire to depreciate the influence of literature, art, philosophy, and religion. But we have to safeguard our existence both in peace and war, and scientific knowledge is necessary to ensure this aim. The Empire is awake to the need for a policy which will correlate education, science, and industrialism for the benefit of all classes: if our statesmen do not respond to the call to action we hope that a new party of reform will arise to drive them into the wilderness.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

Professor Lucius Hopkins Miller concludes in "*Bergson and Religion*" that one can be a Bergsonian and still believe in faith, the primacy of the spirit, the freedom of the will, immortality, God, and even remain a Christian. "He leaves us free," he writes, "to believe; nay more, he furnishes us with a basis which encourages us to believe." It is an interesting book, partly because it quotes Bergson so freely and explains the main implications of his philosophy so clearly, and partly because it deals so largely

with the great fundamental mysteries of which we never tire, and yet it is an unsatisfactory one. We instinctively demand from a man who handles controversial subjects a direct, emphatic statement of personal conviction, and Professor Miller gives us only a series of "might bes" and "perhapses." He proves, by much stretching and twisting of one and shortening and lengthening of the other that Bergsonism and religion are thoroughly compatible, but he leaves the reader with no greater admiration for either of

them than he had at the beginning. It is probably fundamentally unprofitable to approach religion in too experimental and speculative a frame of mind, and quite futile, as Bergson himself would quickly point out, to try to predict in too much detail the future thoughts of a living, growing philosopher. Henry Holt & Co.

Jeanne Robert Foster writes and Sherman, French & Co. publish a group of poems under the title "Wild Apples." They have the haunting quality of all Irish melody, and many of them are Irish in setting or recollection, the dreams of an emigrant looking back to the Isle of Green. The best of all has that for a title, "The Emigrant."

"Oh, the little waves are beating upon
Ireland,
They are crying out their pain upon
the shore,
And a long farewell I'm giving
To the hope of all my living,
(Mavoureen, I shall never see thee
more.)

"Oh, the little waves are beating upon
Ireland,
They are moaning all along the dreary
shore.
(Spendrift like my hair is blowing,
Happiness I'm no more knowing,
Mavoureen, I shall never see thee
more.)"

Indeed these simple, heart-felt gushes of a natural feeling reveal the poet at her best and the more ambitious sonnets scarcely rise to so high a level; though she knows her sonnet technique. At the end are two poetical one-act dramas.

It is impossible for any Englishman, in the heat of this terrible conflict, to see calmly the truth about Germany, or even England, and A. Clutton-Brock has made vivid the profound philosophy of his little volume "The Ultimate Belief" by exaggerating the bad tendencies of both nations. He declares "They (the Germans) have made a State that is a danger to the world, because the aim of that State is

wrong; but our State is aimless. They have used all the virtues for a material end, and have not seen that it was material; but we have left our virtues to chance." The author goes on to elucidate "the ultimate belief" and finds that "The spirit desires three things and desires these for their own sake and not for any further aim beyond them. It desires to do what is right for the sake of doing what is right; to know the truth for the sake of knowing the truth; and it has a third desire which is not so easily stated, but which I will call the desire for beauty." After a convincing study of "the philosophy of the spirit," he takes up these three desires of the human spirit, devoting a chapter to each. By far the most original is his study of "the æsthetic activity"; but each is a passionate plea for the instruction of the child in the value to his soul of the good, the true, and the beautiful, as things in themselves. He has no patience with those who desire to be good because it is good commercialism to be honest, upright, and pure; he has even less for the man who would bind his search for truth by the geographical limits of expediency; but least of all can he endure the fellow to whom beauty is a mere means of earning cash or titillating his senses. E. P. Dutton & Company.

The author who calls herself Maxwell Gray has the art of making England attractive by lovely phrases describing the beauty of it, forest, field, and river, and she has her full measure of the English conviction that its possession carries duties not to be evaded by any man or woman of English blood, "The World-Mender," her latest book, effectively voices her opinions, and also her beliefs as to the qualities of at least one continental race. It is necessary to add that the book was planned, fully sketched out, and, in great part, written before the war. "Personal misfortune," says the author, "has prevented its

revision and completion until now." These circumstances make it more valuable as a criticism of life and as a presentation of the latest phase of British feeling before it pleased the Kaiser to give himself full expression in action. It is noteworthy that the ancient hostility to France, and the old mistrust of Austria are far more apparent than dislike of Germany, and that the Englishman who, for any reason, is not England's true servant, is presented as her worst enemy. But, first of all, the book is a study of English political life. The hero reared among his mates of the humbler rural classes, is the chosen friend of a boy of good family, and feels himself so completely the equal of his betters, that he allows himself to love those of his own age, and to be saucy to his elders, according to fancy. Good looks, a nimble mind, and a ready tongue give him pre-eminence, and his calmly expressed intention of becoming Prime Minister is unanimously received with good humored toleration. But a siren of skill and experience checks him in his career, and the world is unmodified, and his fate is left uncertain. As for the siren she is an excellent study of the chronic adventures, frankly writing "I can't be straight for long together," when she leaves him. He sweeps the last trace of her out of his life even to her unpaid bills for cosmetics, and is left with hope and little else for the future. This is enough for the strong man who marches through Maxwell Gray's pages. D. Appleton and Company.

It is inevitable that, in the preparation of such a work as "The Life of William McKinley" by Charles S. Olcott (Houghton Mifflin Company) the historical element should dominate the personal. As Congressman, as Governor and as President, McKinley was a conspicuous and dominant figure in the public life of his time; and Mr. Olcott's painstaking and well-propor-

tioned biography will be recognized as a valuable contribution to the literature of American history. There is a further reason for the dominance of the historical element in the fact that Mr. McKinley kept no diaries and was not addicted to letter-writing for the mere pleasure of personal expression. There was a certain reticence about him, and his biographer has found his material less in anything of his writing than in the records of his friends and intimates, the recollections of his associates and, most of all, in the voluminous collections of Mr. Cortelyou, who, as Mr. McKinley's Secretary at the White House, preserved not only the President's official correspondence, but reports of interviews and telephone conversations, and shorthand notes of his occasional remarks. Through all perplexities and difficulties, in all personal and public relations, from the beginning of his career to its tragic end, McKinley was the same strong, true, high-minded, simple personality, incapable of duplicity; and it is thus that his biographer depicts him, though without fulsomeness or excess of eulogy. The first volume carries the narrative up to the intervention in Cuba; the second relates to the war with Spain, the adjustments in Cuba and the Philippines, the settlement of grave questions of national policy, the second Presidential campaign, and the tragedy at Buffalo. Not the least interesting chapters are those which describe McKinley's boyhood at Niles and Poland, Ohio; his school days at the Poland Seminary; his enlistment in the Union army at the age of 18; the brave deeds which won his promotion; and the beginnings of his attachment to the woman who became the object of his life-long devotion and unwavering solicitude. Both volumes are enriched with numerous portraits, and pictures of scenes intimately associated with McKinley's life.

